

RELIQUES

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

EDINBURGH
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PAUL'S WORK.

RELIQUES
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs,
AND OTHER^s PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS,
TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE

BY

THOMAS PERCY,
LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE

REPRINTED ENTIRE FROM THE AUTHOR'S LAST EDITION.

With Memoir and Critical Dissertation,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN

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Though some make slight of LIBELS, yet you may see by them how the
wind sits; As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that
which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More
solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as BALLADS and
Libels

SILDEN'S TABLE-TALK

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

I

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

‘A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,’

—affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard, King of the Romans, 30,000*l* to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justice, had been glad to escape into France.

In the first stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party-malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the second stanza the reader is to note that Richard, along with the Ealdorm of Cornwall, had the honours of Walsingham and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243 — Windsor castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance which furnishes out the burden of each stanza.

The third stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on

the day of the battle of Ewes. After the battle was lost, Richard king of the Romans took refuge in a windmill, which he barricaded, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the Chronicle of Maties Oxon 1684 p 229

The fourth stanza is of obvious interpretation. Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the Barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to overrun the kingdom upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the Barons would have opposed his landing.

In the fifth stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the sixth and seventh stanzas insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home, a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad, for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c

The following is copied from a very ancient MS in the British Museum [Harl MSS 2253 f 23]. This MS is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II, the *th* being everywhere expressed by the character *p*, the *y* is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the *h* hath an oblique stroke over it.

SITTETH alle stille, ant heikneth to me,
 The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
 Thritti thousand pound askede he
 For to make the pees in the countre,
 Ant so he dude more
 Richard, thah thou be ever triehard,
 Triethen shalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
 He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
 Haveth he nout of Walingford of cilyng,
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
 — Maugre Wyndesoie
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wol,
 He sasede the mulne for a castol,

With hape sharpe sweides he grounde the stel,
 He wende that the sayles weie mangonel
 To helpe Wyndesore
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c

The kyng of Alemaigne gedorede ys host, 20
 Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,
 Brohte from Alemayne mony sorri gost
 To store Wyndesore.
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c 25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
 That lette passen over see the eil of Waryne
 He hath robbed Engclond, the mores, ant th
 fenne,
 The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,
 For love of Wyndesore 30
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
 Hevede he nou here the eil of Waryn,
 Shuld he never more come to is yn,
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with othei gyn, 35
 To help of Wyndesore.
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c

Sue Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop,
 Hevede he nou here Sue Hue de Bigot
 Al he shulde gigante here twelfmoneth scot 40
 Shulde he never more with his sot pot
 To helpe Wyndesore
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luof, be the loht, suc' Edward,
 Thou shalt ride spowles & thy lyard 45
 Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,
 Shalt thou never more biȝke foreward,
 Ant that reŵeth goie
 Edward, then dedest as a shreward,
 Forsoke thyn omes lore 50
 Richard, &c

* * This Ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our statute book, viz. 'Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people' (Westm. Pimey, c. 34 anno 3 Edw I.) That it had this effect is the opinion of an eminent writer. See 'Observations upon the Statutes, &c.' 4to 2d Edit 1766, p. 71

However, in the Hall Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have then share in contributing to this first law against libels.

II.

ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD THE FIRST

We have here an early attempt at elegy. Edward I died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch, who succeeded, immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite, Piers Gaveston, spent the money upon their pleasures — To do the greater honour

Ver. 44, This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his elege in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence, as a median bard would have introduced Britanna, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises

This antique elegy is extracted from the same MS volume as the preceding article, is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography, and though written it near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than fifty or sixty years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages

ALLE, that beoth of huerte tiowe,
 A stounde heikneth to my song
 Of duel, that Deth hath dilt us newe,
 That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among,
 Of a knyht, that wes so strong, 5
 Of wham God hath don ys wille,
 Me-thynketh that doth hath don us wrong,
 That he so sone shall ligge stille

Al Englonde ahte for te knowe
 Of wham that song is, that y synge, 10
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
 Yent al this world is nome con spinge
 Tiewest mon of alle thunge,
 Ant in weie war ant wys,
 For him we alite oure honden wrynge, 15
 Of Christendome he ber the pys.

Byfoie that oure kyng was ded,
 He speke ase mon that wes in care,
 'Cleikes, knyhtes, barons,' he sayde,
 'Y charge ou by oure sware, 20
 That ye to Engelonde be trewe
 Y deze, y no may lyven na more,
 Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
 For he is nest to buen y-côre.'

Ich biqueth myn heste anhyt, 25
 That hit be writt at my devys,
 Over the see that Huo¹ be diht,
 With fourescore knyghtes al of pys,
 In weie that buen^f war ant wys,
 Ayem the kethene for to fyhte, 30
 To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
 Myself ycholdc yef that y nyhte'

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest, [sunne,]
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
 To latte the wille of [Edward kyng] 35
 To wende to the holy londe
 That oure kyng hede take ou honde
 All Engelond to yeme ant wysse,
 To wenden in to the holy londe
 To wynnen us heveniche blisse 40

The messenger to the pope com,
 And seyde that our kyngc was ded
 Ys oure hond the lettre he nom,
 Ywis his herte was full gret
 The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45
 Ant spec a word of gret honour
 'Alas!' he seid, 'is Edward ded?
 Of Christendome he bea the flour'

The Pope to is chaumbrie wende,
 For dol ne mihte he speke na more, 50
 Ant after cardinals he sende,
 That mucche couthen of Cristes loie,

Ver 33, sunne, MS — Ver 35, kyng Edward, MS — Ver 43, y^s is probably
 a contraction of in hy^s or yn his

¹ The name of the person who was to preside over this business

Bothe the lasse, ant' oke the mōie,
 Bed hem bothe rede ant synge
 Giet deol me mylke se thōie, 55
 Mony mon is hondo wyngge,

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
 With ful gret solempnite,
 Ther me con the soule blesse
 'Kyng Edward honoured thou be 60
 God love thi sone come after the,
 Bunge tō ende that thou hast bygonne,
 The holy crois y-mad of tre,
 So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne

Jerusalem, thōu hast i-loie 65
 The flour of al chivalrie
 Now kyng Edward liveth na more.
 Alas! that he yet shulde deye!
 He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
 Ome bannais, that bueth broht to grounde, 70
 Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie
 Er we a such kyng han y-founde'

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engeland al aplyht,
 God lete him nei be worse man 75
 Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,
 To holden is pore men to rhyt,
 And undeistonde good counsail,
 Al Engelong for to wyssc ant dyht,
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail 80

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
 Ant min herte yzote of bias,
 Ve' 55, 59, Me, i e Men, so in Robert of Gloucester *passim*

The godness myht y néver telle,
 That with kyng Edward was
 Kyng, as thou art eleped conquerour,
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys,
 God bunge thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, and ever ys

85

* * Here follow in the original three lines more, which, is seemingly redundant ut, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the page, viz

That I stich as withouten ende,
 Bidde we God, and oure I caly to thilke blisse
 Je us us sende Amen

III

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen Round O. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it. Chaucer picked it up, along with other letter things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their 'wings' and 'wax' the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary Rondeau.—Geoffrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

I 1.

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
 I may the beaute of them not sustene,
 So wendeth it therowout my herte kone

2

And but your words will helen hastely
 My hertis wound, whilô that it is grone,
 Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
 That ye ben of my life and doth the quene,
 For with my deth the trouth shal be sene
 Your two eyn, &c

II 1.

~~So~~ hath your beauty fro your herte chased
 Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyne,
 For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne

2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased,
 I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chased

3

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
 So grette beaute, that no man may atteyn
 To mercy, though he steve for the peyn
 So hath your beaute, &c

III 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
 I neie thinke to ben in his prison lene,
 Syn I am free, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answer, and sey this and that,
 I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat

Love hath my namq i-stuile out of his selat,
 And he is strike out of my bokes elene
 For ever mo [ther ¹r] is non other meno
 Syn I fro love escaped, &c

IV.

THE TOURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM

OR, THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE, THE
 REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his 'Rhyme of sir Thopas' in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. Thus, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Tournament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly, the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority, and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures, he accordingly made use of the keen one of ridicule. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize,—and the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the pompous Tournament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

¹ This, MS.—² See [M. Hurd's] *Lettres on Chivalry*, 8vo 1762 *Mémoires de la Chevalerie*, par M. de la Curne des Palétois, 1759, 2 tom., 12mo. &c

'The Turnament of Tottenham' was first printed from an ancient MS in 1631, 4to, by the rev Whilhem Bedwel, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died, with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, intitled, 'Passio Domini Jesu Christi.' Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III. because Tournaments were prohibited in that reign. 'I do verily beleieve,' says he, 'that this Tournament was acted before this proclamation of K Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our author sayth, "It was no childiens game." And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, trow you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene buried like a dogge?' It is however well known that Tournaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations, but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS copy preserved in the Museum [Harl MSS 5396] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K Hen VI about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's book.

Of all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were
kyndo,

Of fole feyztynge folk ferly we fynde,

The Turnament of Tottenham have we in mynde,

It were harme sych haïdynes were holden byhynde,

In story as we rede

5

Of Hawkyn, of Herry,

Of Tomkyn, of Terry,

Of them that were doughty

And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Tottenham on a dere day,

10

Ther was mad a slurtyng by the hy-way

Ther com al the men of the contray,
 Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
 And all the swete swynkeis
 Ther hopped Hawkyn, 15
 Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
 Ther trumped Tomkyn,
 And all were trowe drynkeis.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
 That they schuld rekyn thei scot and thei counts cast;
 Perkyn the potter into the press past, 21
 And sayd, 'Randol the refc, a dozter thou hast,
 Tyb the deie
 Therfor faine wyt wold I,
 Whych of all thys bachchery 25
 Were best worthye
 To wed him to hys feie'

Upstyt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,
 And sayd, 'Randol the refc, lo! thys lad raves,
 Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves, 30
 We er ryche men then he, and more gode laves
 Of catell and corn,'
 Then sayd Perkyn, 'To Tybbe I have hyzt
 That I schal be alway redy in my 1yzt,
 If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt, 35
 Or elles yet to moine'

Then sayd Randolfe the refc, 'Ever be he wayyd,
 That about thys carpyng longer wold be taryd:
 I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,
 But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd, 40
 Therfor a Turnament schal begynne

Ver 20, It is not very clear in the MS whether it should be conts, or conters.

Thys day sevenyzt—

Wyth a flayl for to fyzt

And [he], that is most of myght

Schal biouke ^{his} hui wyth wyne 45

Whoso beys hym best in the turnament,

Hym schal be gianted the gye be the common assent,

For to wyne my dozter with [dughtynesse] of dent,

And [coppell] my brode-henne [that] was brozt out of

Kent

And my dunnyd kowe 50

For no spens wyl I spare,

For no cattell wyl I care,

He schal have my gray mare,

And my spottyd sowe'

Ther was many [a] bold lad ther bodyes to bede 55

Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they yede,

And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,

Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede

They armed ham in matts,

Thay set on thei nollys, 60

For to kepe thei pollys,

Gode blake bollys,

For batyng of bats.

Thay sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld
not biest

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest 65

[A basket or a panyer before on ther biest,]

And a flayle in ther hande, for to fyght priest,

Furth gon thay fare

Ver 48, Dozty, MS — Ver 49, coppeld We still use the phrase 'a copple-crowned hen' — Ver 57, gayed, PC — Ver 66, is wanting in MS. and supplied from PC

Ther was kyd mokyf fors,
 Who schuld best fend hys cors 70
 He that had no godé hors,
 He gat hym a mare

Sych another gadyng have I not sene oft,
 When all the gret company com ryland to the croft:
 Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft 75
 On a sek ful of fedrys, for scho schuld syt soft,

And led [till the gap]
 For cyeng of the men
 Forther wold not Tyb then,
 Tyl scho had hur biode hen 80
 Set in hur lap

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,
 And a garland on hur hed ful of founde bonys,
 And a broche on hur biest ful of [sapphyre] stonys,
 Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the
 nonys, 85

For no [spendings] thay had spared.
 When joly Gyb saw hur thare,
 He gyrd so hys gray mare,
 [That scho lete a fowkin] fare
 At the rereward 90

'I wov to God,' quoth Herry, 'I schal not lefe behynde,
 May I mete wyth Bernaid on Bayard the blynde,
 Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
 For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

Ver 72, He borrowed him, PC — Ver 76, The MS had once sedys, & c seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedrys, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Senvy, & c Mustaid-seed — Ver 77, And led hur to cap MS — Ver 83, Bedwell's PC has 'Ruel-Bones' — Ver 84, safer stones, MS. — Ver 85, wrotyn, & c wrought PC reads, written — Ver. 86, No catel [perhaps chatel] they had spared, MS — Ver 89, Then o. faucon, MS.

I wot I schall hym ghere 95
 'Wele sayd,' quoth Hawkyn
 'And I wow,' quoth Dawkyn,
 May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
 His flayle I schal hym rewe'

'I make a vow,' quoth Hud, 'Tyb, son schal thou se, 100
 Whych of all thys bachelery [gianted] is the gre
 I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the,
 In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,
 Myn aimes ar so cleie
 I bere a reddyl, and a rake, 105
 Poudied wyth a brenand diake,
 And thre cantells of a cake,
 In ycha councie.'

'I vow to God,' quoth Hawkyn, 'yf [I] have the
 gowt,
 Al that I fynde in the felde [thrustand] here aboute, 110
 Have I twyes or thryes redyn thugh the route,
 In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have
 doute,
 When I begyn to play
 I make avowe that I ne schall,
 But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115
 Or I be thryes don fall,
 Ryzt onys com away'

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede,
 'Saw thou never yong boy foither hys body bode,
 For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar'in drede, 120
 I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede
 I am armed at the full,

Ver 101, grant, MS.—Ver 109, yf he have, MS.—Ver. 110, the MS
 literally has the sand, here

In myn armys I bere welo
 A doz trogh, and a pole,
 A sadyll wytkout a panell,
 Wyth a fles of woll'

125

'I make a vow,' quoth Duuman, and swor he the
 stra,

'Whyls me ys left my [maie,] thou gets hurr not swa,
 For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rac,
 There is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga, 130

Sche wul ne nozt begyle

Sche wyl me beie, I dar say,

On a lang someiys day,

Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,

Nozt othei half myle'

135

'I make a vow,' quoth Perikyn, 'how speks of cold
 . 10st,

I schal wyrch [wyselyer] withouten any best

Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,

I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my
 cost,

And here I grant thaym Tybbe

140

Welo boyes here ys he,

That wyl fyzt, and not fle,

For I am in my jolyte,

Wyth so foith, Gybbe'

When thay had ther vowes maë, furth can thay lie, 145

With flayies, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre.

Thei were all the bachelerys of that contre;

Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselves wold be:

Thayr baneis were ful bryzt

Of an old rotten felk; 150
 The cheveion of a plew-mell,
 And the schadow of a bell,
 Poudied wyth the mone-lyzt

I wot yt [was] no chyldor game, whan thay togedyn
 met,

When icha fiek in the feld on hys feloy bet, 155
 And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
 And foght forly fast, tyll thei horses swet,
 And few wordys spoken

Thei were flaylos al to slatred,
 Ther wei scheldys al to flatred, 160
 Bollys and dysches al to schatred,
 And many hedys brokyn

There was clynkyng of cant-saddellys, & clatter yng
 of cannes;

Of felo frokys in the feld brokyn were thei fannes,
 Of sunn were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-
 pannys, 165

And yll were thay besene, or thay went thanns,

Wyth swypp yng of swepyls

Thay were so wery for-foght,
 Thay myzt not fyzt maie oloft,
 But croped about in the [croft,] 170
 As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute,
 'Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte.
 An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute!
 That I may lyztly come of my noye oute, 175
 For no cost wyl I spare'

Ver 151, The Cheveion PC — Ver 154, yt ys, MS. — Ver 168, The boyes
 were, MS — Ver 170, croped then about in the croft, MS

He styit up, as a snayle,
 And hent a capul be the taylor,
 And [left] Dawkin hys flayle,
 And wan there a mare

180

Perkyn wan five, and Huel wân twa
 Glad and blythe thay waie, that they had don sa,
 Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present him with
 tha

The capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,
 But styl gon thay stond 185
 'Alas!' quoth Huddle, 'my joye I lese,
 Mee had lever then a ston of chese,
 That dere Tyb had, al these,
 And wyst it were my sond.'

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang, 190
 Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang,
 He threw tham down to the erth, and thrust tham
 amang,

When he saw Tyry away wyth Tyb fang,
 And after hym ran,
 Off his hoise he hym drogh, 195
 And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh
 'We te he!' quoth Tyb, and lugh,
 'Ye ei a dughly man'

[Thus] thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt.
 All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt 200
 Wyth wýspes, and kexis, and ryschys thero lyzt,
 To fetch hom thei husbandes, that were tham trouth
 plyzt,

And sum biozt gret harwos,

Ver 179, razt, MS —Ver 185, stand, MS —Ver. 188, sand, MS.—Ver. 199,
 Thys, MS

Thei husbandes hom to fetch,
 Sum on doreg, and sum on heeh, 205
 Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on ciech,
 And sum on wicle-baows

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, [on] everych syde,
 And grant hym thei [the gro,] the more was hys pryde
 Tyb and he, wyth gret [muth], homward con thay ryde,
 And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde 211
 And thay [to church went]
 So wele hys nedys he has sped,
 That dere Tyb he [hath] wed,
 The prayse-folk that hur led, 215
 Were of the Turnament

To that ylk fest com many for the nones,
 Some come hyphalte, and some tippand [thither] on
 the stonys,
 Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys,
 Of sum were the hedes broken, of some the schulder
 bonys 220
 With sorrow come thay thedy
 Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Henry,
 Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
 And so was all the bachelary,
 When thay met togedyr 225

¹ At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,
 Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay,

Ver 204, hom for to fetch, MS — Ver 208, about everych syde, MS — Ver 209, the gre, is wanting in MS. — Ver 210, mothe, MS — Ver 212, And thay here assent, MS — Ver 214, had wed, MS — Ver 215, The cheesemen, PC. — Ver 218, tippand on, MS

¹ In the former impressions this concluding stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed edition, but it is here copied from the old MS wherein it has been since found separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a money account, and other heterogeneous matter

And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day,
 And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret delay
 Mekyl myyth was them among, 230
 In every corner of the hous
 Was melody delycyous
 For to here ptecyus
 Of six menys song.¹

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureate of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS copy in the Pepys collection, vol I folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes

Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!
 OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and myzt of chivalry;
 The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
 Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry 5
Deo gratias.
Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
 To Harflue toun with ryal aray;
 That toun he wan, and made a fray, 10
 That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

Deo gratias, &c.

¹ Six-men's song, i e a song for six voices. So Shakespeare uses 'Three-man song-men,' in his Winter's Tale, A. III. Sc. 3 to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of this sort are Weolkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II Song 9. So again Shakesp has 'Three-men beetle,' i e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. IV. A. I. Sc. 3.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste,
 He spared [for] diode or leste, ne most, 15
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste

Deo gratias, &c

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
 In Agincourt felde he fauzt manly,
 Thorow grace of God most myzty 20
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory

Deo gratias, &c

Ther dukys, and eilys, lordes and barone,
 Weie take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
 And some were ledde in to Lundone 25
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone

Deo gratias, &c

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
 Gof him gode lyfe, and gode endynge, 30
 That he with meith mowe savely synge

Deo gratias

Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria

VI

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's 'Henry and Emma,' this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate editor of the 'Prolusions,' 8vo, 1760, who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of 'Aincliffe's Chronicle,' a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the 'Prolusions' the following is printed, with a few additional

improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book¹ preserved in the public library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the 'Prolusions' will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the 'Nuthowae Myd' was first revived in 'The Muses' Mercury for June, 1707⁴ 4to, being prefaced with a little 'Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry' in which this poem is concluded to be 'near 300 years old,' upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Hail MSS No 3777]. The editor of the 'Prolusions' thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's tale of 'The Sergeant,' &c which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive, for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical collections, if it had been then a modern piece, at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS a poem on the victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines

'Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
That I may 'say, or I cease, thy adven to please,
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world,
And all the seemlye saints, that sitten in heaven,
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble,
Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c'

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the 'Prolusions' we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

¹ This (which my friend Mr Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf the song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of The late James West, Esq; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus 'Mr W'

BE it ryght, or wiong, these men among
 On women do complayne,¹
 Affyrmyng this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne,
 To love them welc, for never a dole 5
 They love a man agayne
 For late a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne,
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
 Theyr first true lover than 10
 Labour eth for nought, for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd
 That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15
 All utterly decayd,
 But, neverthelasse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continue
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde 20
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart, for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus 25
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two we wyll also
 Tell all the payne, and feie,
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye mo answere, 30

Ver 2, Woman Prousions, and M West's copy — Ver 11, her, & e then

¹ My friend Mr Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus as a Latinism

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
 On women to complayne

Wherefore, all ye, that present be
 I pray you, gyve an ere
 'I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can,
 Saynge, Alas! thus standeth the case, 35
 I am a banyshed man'

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse,
 Trustying to shewe, in wordes fowe,
 That men have an yll use 10
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse.
 Therfore to you I answere now,
 All women to excuse,—
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? 15
 I pray you, tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 'I love but you alone.

HE

It standeth so, a dede is do
 Whereof grete harme shall growe: 50
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe,
 Or elles to fle the one must be.
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true!
 None other rede I can:
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 60

SHE

O lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
 That changeth as the mone!
 My somers day in lusty may
 Is derked before the none
 I here you say, farewell Nay, nay, 65
 We depart nat so sone
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfare to sorrowe and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone; 70
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone

HE.

I can beleve, if shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystrayne,
 But, aftywarde, your paynes harde 75
 Within a day or twayne
 Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
 You labour were in vayne 80
 And thus I do, and pray you to,
 As hartely, as I can,
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a-banyshed man

SHE

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me ~ 85
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.

Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde, 90
 Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
 Was to her love unkynde
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anone,
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 95
 I love but you alone

HE

Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say:
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone awaÿ, " 100
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode you to play,
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105
 Be called an yll woman,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame, 110
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your dystiesse, and hevynesse, 115
 To part with you, the same:

And sure all tho, that do not se,
 True lovers are they nene,
 For, in my mynde, of all-mankynde
 I love but you alone 120

HE

I counceyle you, remember howe,
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe
 For ye must there in your hand bere 125
 A bowe, redy to drawe,
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe,
 Whereby to you grette harme myght growe
 Yet had I lever than, 130
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man

SHE

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
 It is no maydens loie
 But love may make me for your sake, 135
 As I have sayd befoie
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
 To gete us mete in store,
 For so that I your company
 May have, I ask no more 140
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone,
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone

Ver 117, To shewe all Fiol and M^r W —Ver 133, I say nat Fiol and
 M^r W —Ver 138, and store Camb copy

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 115
 That men hym take and bynde,
 Without pytè, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbode !)
 What rescous coude ye fynde ? 120
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For feie wolde draue behynde
 And no mervayle, for lytell awayle
 Were in your counceyle than
 Wherefore I wyll to the giene wode go, 155
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght welc knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght 130
 Yet, in such feie yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save, as women have 145
 From deth [men] many one
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne 170

Ver 150, secouns Prol and Mr W —Ver. 162, and night. Camb copy.
 —Ver 164, to helpe ye with my myght. Prol. and Mr. W.

The thornie wayes, the depc valües,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete for dry, or wele,
 We must lodge on the playne,
 And, us above, none other tofe 175
 But a briake bush, or twayne
 Which sone sholde grieve you, I beleve,
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man 180

SHE

Syth I have here bene partynere
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reason is
 Yet am I sure of one plesüre, 185
 And, shortely, it is thus
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
 I coude nat faie amysse
 Without more speche, I you beseche
 That we were sone agone, 190
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone

HE

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
 Whan ye have hast to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete, 195
 Nor drinke, beere, ale, ne wyne
 No shetés clone, to lye betwene,
 Made of thiede and twyne,

Ver. 172, frost and rayne M1 W — Ver 174, Ye must Prol — Ver 190,
 rtley gone, Prol and M1 W — Ver 196, Neyther here Prol and M1 W

None other house, but loves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne, 200
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyete
 Sholde make you pale and wan;
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banysshed man

SHE.

Amonge the wyldc dere, such an archère, 205
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plentè
 And water clere of the ryvére
 Shall be full swete to me, 210
 With which in hele I shall ȳght wèlo
 Endure, as ye shall see,
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone,
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me:
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne, 220
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf neðe be
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-waude wyll I fle
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225
 Do it shortely as ye can,

Ver 201, Lo myn Mi. W —Ver 207, May ye nat fayle. Prol —17. May
 nat fayle Mi W —Ver 219, above you ere Prol —Ver. 220, above the
 kne Prol and Mi W —Ver. 223, the same. Prol and Mr. W.

Els wyll I to the giene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede,' 230
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, befor all other
 For you I have most diede
 But nowe, adue! I must ensue, 235
 Where fortune doth me lede
 All this make ye, Now let us fle,
 The day cometh fast upon,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 240

HE

Nay, nay, nat so, ye shall nat go,
 And I shall tell ye why,——
 Your appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I welc espy
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, 245
 In lyke wyse hardely
 Ye wolde answer whosoever it were,
 In way of company
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,
 And so is a woman 250
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Ver 251, For I must to the giene wode go. Prol and Mr W

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nedo
 Such wordes to say by me;
 For oft ye playcd, and longe assayed, 255
 Or I you loved, pardè
 And though that I of auncestry
 A barons daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved
 A squyer of lowe degre, 260
 And ever shall, whatso befall;
 To dy therfore ¹ anone,
 For, in my mynde, of all mankyndo
 I love but you alone.

HE

A barons chylde to be begyde! 265
 It were a cursed dede,
 To be felawe with an outlawe!
 Almighty God forbode!
 Yet beter were, the pore squyere
 Alone to forest yede, 270
 Than ye sholde say another day,
 That, by my cursed dede,
 Ye were betray'd Wherefore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go, 275
 Alone, a banyshe man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd.

Ver 253, yet is Camb copy Perhaps for it is.—Ver. 262, dy with him
 Editor's MS —Ver 278, outbrayd. Prol and M. W.

¹ i. e. for this cause, though I were to die for having loved you.

But yf ye go, and leue me so,
 Than haue ye me betrayd 280
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele,
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leue behynde,
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy 285
 Sone after ye be gone,
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,
 For in the forest howe 290
 I haue purveyed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you,
 Another fayre than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe,
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wiothe 295
 With other, as I tiowe
 It were myne cse, to lyue in pese,
 So wyll I, yf I can;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 300

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I will be your
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305
 And courteys every hour,

Ver 282, ye be as Fol and M¹ W —Ver. 283, Ye were unkynde to leue me behynde. Fol and M¹ W

Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 [Of them I wolde be one,] 310
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I so the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true,
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe,
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe 320
 Be nat dismayed, whatsoevêr I sayd
 To you, whan I began;
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banysshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me, 325
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
 But it is often sene,
 Whan men wyll bieke promyse, they speke
 The wordes on the splene 330
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene.
 Than, were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone:

Ver. 310, So the Editor's MS All the printed copies read,

Yet wold I be that one

Ver. 315, of all. Prol. and M. W.—Ver. 325, gladder. Prol. and M. W.

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone. 335

HE.

Ye shall nat node further to drede,
I wyll nat dysparage
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so giete a lynage. 340
Nowe undyrstande, to Westmarlande,
Which is myne heyrage,
I wyll you brynge, and with a ryng,
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make, 345
As shortely as I can
Thus have you won an erlys son,
And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR

Here may ye se, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable; 350
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable,
But, rather, pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable,
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355
Yf they be charytable
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them, each one;
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone. 360

Ver 340, grete lynage Prol and Mr W —Ver 347, Then have. Prol —
Ver 348, And no banyshed Prol and Mr W —Ver 352, This lme wanting
in Prol and Mr W —Ver 355, proved-loved Prol and Mr W.—/b as loveth
Camb —Ver 357, Forsyth Prol. and Mr. W.

VII

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Wulville, the gallant Earl Rivers, has been placed by the elegant author of the 'Catalog of Noble Writers,'¹ interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's, his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1183, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own hand writing. 'In tempore,' says this writer, 'in carcerationis apud Pontem fractum edidit unum Balet in anglis, ut nihil monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis.' *Sunt ubi musung;* &c Rossi Hist. 8vo 2 Edit. p. 213. In Rouse the 2d stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy printed in 'Ancient Songs, from the time of K. Hen. III. to the Revolution,' page 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus

'Alone walkyng, In thought pldyng,
And sore sighyng, All desolate
My remembryng Of my ldyng
My death wishyng Bothe cly and late

Inf fortunate Is so my fate
That wote ye what, Out of mesure
My life I hate, Thus desperato
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c'

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,
In remembryng The unstydfastnes;
This world being Of such whelyng,
Me contrarioug, What may I gesso?

I fere dowtyles, Remediles,
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce.
[For unkyndness, Withouten less,
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

5

¹ Horace Walpole.—Ed

With displesaunce, To my grieuaunce,
 And no suraunce Of remedy] 10
 Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,
 Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,
 And that gretly, To be content
 Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wy 15
 All contray From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intont,
 Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
 But I ne went Thus to be shent,
 But sho hit ment, Such is hui won 20

VIII.

CUPID'S ASSAULT BY LORD VAUX

The reader will think that infant Poehy grew apace between the times of Ravens and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries, if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his 'Art of Eng Poesie, 1589, 4to' a writer commonly well informed take the passage at large 'In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propie application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended "When Cupid scaled;" &c' p. 200 — For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.

The following copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to — See another song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
 Wherein my hart lay wounded sore,
 The batty was of such a sort,
 That I must yelde or die therfore

Ver. 15, That fortune Rossi Hist. — Ver. 19, went, i.e. weened

There sawe I Love upon the wall, 5
 How he his banner did display
 Alarme! alarme! he gan to call
 And bad his souldiours kepe away.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
 Were pearced hartes with teares bespront, 10
 In silver and sable to declare
 The stedfast love, he alwayes ment

There might you se his band all drest
 In colours like to white and blacke,
 With powder and with pelletes prest 15
 To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
 For spence of poudre he spared not
 Assault! assault! to cye aloude. 20

There might you heare the canons rore;
 Eche pece discharged, a lovers loke;
 Which had the power to rent, and tore
 In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne 25
 The scaling ladders were up set,
 And Beautie walked up and downe,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet

Then first Desire began to scale,
 And shrouded him under [his] targe; 30
 As one the worthiest of them all,
 And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
 And halberdes with handy strokes,
 The argabushc in fleshe it lightes, 35
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes

And, as it is the souldiers' use,
 When shot and powder guns to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded up for my livès giant 40

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
 And Beauty entied with her band,
 With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
 I yelded into Beauties hand

Then Beautie bad to blow retirete, 45
 And every souldier to retire,
 And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

'Madame,' quoth I, 'sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assaycs, 50
 I yeld to you without delay
 Here of the fortiesse all the kayes

And sith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye,
 Nedes must you with your handy walke, 55
 Or salve my soire, or let me die'

* * Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux the poet was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title. For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Earl of Surrey, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his 'Art of English Poesie,

1589' in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, 'In the latter end of the same kings reign [Henry VIII] sprang up a new company of courtly Makers, [poets] of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travelled into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie, greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie'. In the same time, or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in valeu in makings' — Webbe in his 'Discourse of English Poetrie,' 1566, images them in the following order, 'The Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Birstow' And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey — Again, the stile and measures of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes. But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, 'Of lothe that I did love,' [2nd vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, 'A dytche or sonnet made by the Lord Vaux, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death' Harl. MSS. No. 1703, §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry vi. but either his son or grandson — and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William — but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux, except Puttenham, and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to Parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear, but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son, William, was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, V. II. p. 301. — Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the Poet.

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry

¹ See Compositions in English — In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply 'Lord Vaux the chide.'

Our king he kept a false stewarde,
 Su Aldingar they him call;
 A falsor stewaid than he was one,
 Scirde not in bower nor hall

He wolde have layne by our comelyc queene, 5
 Her deere worshipp to betraye.
 Our queene she was a good woman,
 And evermore said him naye

Sir Aldingar was wiothe in his mind,
 With her hee was never content, 10
 Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
 In a fyer to have her brent

There came a lazari to the kings gate,
 A lazari both blinde and lame
 He tooke the lazari upon his backe, 15
 Him on the queenes bed has layne.

'Lye still, lazari, wheras thou lyest,
 Looke thou goe not hence away,
 Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
 In two howers of the day.'¹ 20

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
 And hyed him to our king
 'If I might have grace, as I have space,
 Sad tydings I could bring.'

'Say on, say on, sir Aldingar, 25
 Saye on the soothe to mee.'
 'Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
 And shee will have none of thee.

¹ He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of
 healing for the King's Evil

If shee had chosen a right good knight,
 The lesse had bene her shame, 30
 But she hath chose her a lazai man,
 A lazai both blinde and lame.'

'If this be true, thou Aldingar,
 The tyding thou tellest to me,
 Then will I make thee a rich rich knight, 35
 Rich both of golde and tee.

But if it be false, su Aldingar,
 As God nowe grant it bee!
 Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree.' 40

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
 And opend to him the dore.
 'A lodlye love,' king Harry says,
 'For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none, 45
 Here on my sword thoust dye;
 But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hys.'

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
 And an angry man was hee, 50
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bide so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
 And Christ you save and see;
 Heere you have chosen a nowe nowe love, 55
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The lesse had been your shame
 But you have chose you a lazai man,
 A lazai both blinde and lame 60

Therefore a fyer there shall be bult,
 And brient all shalt thou bee ——'
 Now out alacke!' said our comly queene,
 'Sir Aldingar 's false to mee

Now out alacke!' sayd our comlye queene, 65
 'My heart with grieve will biast.
 I had thought swevens had never been true,
 I have proved them true at last

I dfeamt in my sweven on thursday eve,
 In my bed whereas I laye, 70
 I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
 Had carryed my crowne awaye ,

My gorgett and my kutle of golde,
 And all my faue head-geere.
 And he wold wounye me with his tush 75
 And to his nest y-beare.

Saving there came a litle [gray] hawke,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
 That dead he downe did fall 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battell wold I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
 Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make, 86
 My hege, grant me a knight
 To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,
 To mantame me in my right.'

'Now forty dayes I will give thee
 To seeke thee a knight therein 90
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
 Thy bodye it must brenn'

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
 By north and south bedeeue
 But never a champion colde shee find, 95
 Wolde fight with knight soo keene

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had,
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene
 And aye her hart was sad 100

Then came one of the queenes damselles,
 And knolt upon her kuce,
 'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe, 105
 And with the same me binde;
 That never will I returne to thee,
 Till I some helpe may finde'

Then forth shee rode on a faire palfreyo
 Oer hill and dale about: 110
 But never a champion colde shee finde,
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drowe on a pace,
When oue good queene must dye,
All woe-begone was that faire damselle, 115
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damselle,
And the salt teares fell from hei eye
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tnye boye. 120

A tnye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde,
He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

‘Why grieve you, damselle faire,’ he sayd, 125
‘And what doth cause you moane?’
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

‘Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,
And greete thy queene from mee · 130
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid hei remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, whereas shee laye,
How when the grype and the grimly beast 135
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes
Then bidd the queene be meriy at hart,
For heaven will sende her cause.’ 140

Back then rode that fane damselle,
 And her hart it lepte for glee.
 And when she told her gracious dame
 A gladd woman then was shee

But when the appointed day was come, 145
 No helpe appeared nye:
 Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
 And the teares stood in her eye

And nowe a fyer was built of wood,
 And a stake was made of tree, 150
 And now queene Elnor forth was lod,
 A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
 And thre times spake on hye.
 'Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155
 Come forth, or shee must dye.'

No knight stood forth, no knight there came;
 No helpe appeared nye.
 And now the fyer was lighted up,
 Queen Elnor she must dye. 160

And now the fyer was lighted up,
 As hot as hot might bee,
 When riding upon a litle white steed,
 The tynye boy they see

'Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165
 And loose our compelyc queene:
 I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
 And prove him a traitor koone.'

Forthen then stood sn Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde, 170
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguyld

‘Now turne, now tune thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee,
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, 175
Thoughe I am so small to see’

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee,
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee 180

‘Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou begin’st,
Of height wee shall be meete’

‘A priest, a priest,’ sayes Aldingar, 185
‘While I am a man alive
A priest, a priest,’ sayes Aldingar,
‘Me for to housle and shrive.

I wolde have lame by our comlie queene,
Bot shce wolde never consent, 190
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame
I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 195
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ianne I to ou comlye king,
 These tidings soie to toll
 But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,
 'Falsing never doth well' 200

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
 The short time I must live'
 'Nowe Chrust forgive thee, Aldingar,
 As freely I forgive'

'Here take thy queene, ou king Harryd, 205
 And love her as thy life,
 For never had a king in Chrustentye,
 A truer and fairer wife'

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
 And loosed her full sone 210
 Then turnd to look for the tynye boye,
 —The boye was vanisht and gone

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
 And stroakt him with his hand:
 The lazar under the gallows tree 215
 All whole and sounde did stand

The lazar under the gallows tree
 Was comelye, straight and tall,
 King Henrye made him his head stewarde
 To wayte withyn his hall * * 220
 *

X.
THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition informs us that the author of this song was King James V of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise,¹ and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz in this ballad of 'The Gabeirlunzie Man' and in another intitled 'The Jolly Beggar,' beginning thus

Thar was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
And he tuk up his quarters into a land'art toun
Fa, la, la, &c

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,² where the ingenious writer remarks, that there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bp Tanner has attributed to James V the celebrated ballad of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' which is ascribed to K James I in Bannatyne's MS written in 1568. And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this book is of opinion that Bp Tanner was right.

K James V died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33

THE pauky auld Carle came ovn the lee
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
Saying, ' Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man ?'
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat,
My dochters shouldrers he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang

‘O wow!’ quo he, ‘were I æs free,
As first when I saw this countre,
How blyth and merry wad I bee!
And I wad nevir think lang’

¹ sc of a tinker, beggar, &c Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh —² Vol II p 203

He grew canty, and she grew fain,
 But little did her auld munny ken
 What thir slee twa togither were say'n, 15
 When wooing, they were sa thiang

'And O!' quo he, 'ann ye were as black,
 As evn the crown of your dadyes hat,
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' me thou sould gang' 20
 'And O!' quoth she, 'ann I were as white,
 As evn the snaw lay on the dîkê,
 Ild clad me braw, and lady-like,
 And awa with thee Ild gang'

Between the twa was made â plot, 25
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wylhely they shot the flock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane
 Up the moin the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her clathrs, 30
 Sync to the servants bed she gacs
 To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whan the boggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cryd, 'Dulefu' day'! 35
 For some of our gear will be gane'
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown that could be mist
 She dancid her lane, cryd, 'Praise be blest,
 I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naethings awa, as we can learn,
 The kuns to kurn, and milk to earn,

Ver 29, The Cailne Other copies.

Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my
baun,

And bid her come quickly ben,
The seivant gaed where the dochter lay, 45
The sheets was cauld, she was awa,
And fast to her goodwife can say,
'Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man'

'O fy gar rìde, and fy gar rin,
And hast ye, find these traitors agen, 50
For shees be burnt, and hees be slem,
The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man'
Some rade upo hoise, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit,
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit, 55
But ay did cause and did ban

Mean time far hind out owie the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang 60
The puving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith
Quo she, 'to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man

O kend my minny I were wi' you, 65
Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor man sheld never trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon'
'My dear,' quo he, 'yee're yet owre yonge,
And hae na leant the beggars tonge, 70
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.'

'Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win your bread,
 And spindles and whoiles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75
 The gabelunzie to carrie—o
 Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owie my ee,
 A cuple or blind they will cau me
 While we sall sing and be merie—o 80

XI

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spin at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities, his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master, but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance.—The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, 'A newe ballade made of Thomas Cromwel, called Trolle on away' To it is prefixed this distich by way of butthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye
 Synge heave and howe rombclowe trolle on away

Born man and chylde is glad to here tell
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Cromwell,
 Now that he is set to learne, to spell
 Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the[e] in thy face,
 Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace, 5
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace
 Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy tyst, .
 Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
 Tyll in the kynges treasure suche thinges were myst
Synge, &c

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10
 Thy merchaundyse sayled over the sandes,
 Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes
Synge, &c

Fyyste when kyngc Henry, God saue his grace!
 Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,
 Then it was tyme to purchase the[e] a place 15
Synge, &c

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
 Mouyd with petye, and made the[e] hys seruytue,
 But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
 One God, one fayth, and one kyngc catholyke, 20
 For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke
Synge, &c

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these true,
 But euer was full of iniquite
 Wherefore all this lande hath ben troubled with the[e]
Synge, &c

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
 Agaynst the chunche thou baddest them stycke,
 Wherefore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke
Synge, &c

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
 Thou woldyst not suffre withen thy walles,
 Noi let vs praye for all chrysten soules 30
 Synge, &c

Of what genciack on thou were no tonge can tell,
 Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
 Oi else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell
 Synge, &c

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
 But couetyd euer to clymme to[o] hye, 35
 And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye
 Synge, &c

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose,
 Wherefore all Englande doth hate the[o], as I suppose,
 Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.
 Synge, &c

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke 40
 Upon thy giesy fullers stocke,
 Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke
 Synge, &c

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
 And for thy carcas care thou nought,
 Let it suffice payne, as it hath wrought 45
 Synge, &c

God saue ~~king~~ Henry with all his power,
 And prynce Edward that goodly flowre,

Ver 32, 2 c Can, or Ishmael See below, the Note, Book II No III stanza 3d —Ver 41, Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a Blacksmith at Putney but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade

With al hys lordes of great honoure
 Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away
 Hevye and how lombelowē trolle on awaye

* * The foregoing piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen VIII K. Edw VI Q. Mary, Q. Eliz K. James I &c

XII.

HARPALUS

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the 'Songs and Sonnettes of the Earl of Surrey,' &c. 4to in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by 'Uncertain Auctours.' These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the 'Shepherd's Calendar,'¹ this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
 As fiesh as any flowie,
 Whom Harpalus the heidman prayde
 To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corn,
 Were herdmen both yfeie
 And Phylida could twist and spinne,
 And thereto sing full cleie

¹ First published in 1579

But Phylida was all tð coye,
 For Harpalus to winne 10
 For Coim was her onely joye,
 Who foist her not a pinne

How often^e would she flowers twine,
 How often garlandes make
 Of coushps and of colombine, 15
 And al for Coim's sake!

But Coim, he had haukes to lufe,
 And forced more the field
 Of lovers lawe he toke no cure,
 For once he was begilde 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,
 His labour all was lost,
 For he was fairest from her thought,
 And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25
 And dye as clot of clay
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane,
 His colour gone away

His beard it had not long be shave,
 His heare hong all unkempt: 30
 A man most fit even for the grave
 Whom spitefull love had spent.

~~His~~ eyes were red, and all [forewacht],
 His face besprent with teares
 It semde unhap had him long [hatcht], 35
 In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare ,
 As one foillorne was he ,
 Upon his head alwayes hys waie
 A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
 And he sate in the dale ,
 And thus with sighes and sorowes shrll,
 He gan to tell his tale

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say) 45
 Unhappiest under sunne!
 The cause of thine unhappy day,
 By love was first begunne

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
 A tigre to make tame, 50
 That settes not by thy love a leeke ,
 But makes thy grieve her game

As easy it were for to convert
 The fiost into [a] flaine;
 As foi to tuine a fiowaide hert, 55
 Whom thou so faine wouldst flaine

Com he lyeth carèlesse
 He leapès among the leaves
 He eates the frutes of thy redresse .
 Thou [leapst], he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes, a whyle your foode refiame,
 And haike your heidmans sounde .
 Whom spitefull love, âlas! hath slaine,
 Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastès wilde, 65
 That here your pasture takes
 I se that ye be nōt begilde
 Of these your faithfull makes

The hart he feedoeth by the hunde
 The bucke harde by the do 70
 The turtle dove is not unkinde
 To him that loves her so

The ewe she hath by her the ramme
 The yong cow hath the bull
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75
 Do fede then hunger full

But, wel-away! that nature wrought
 The[e], Phylida, so fane
 For I may say that I have bought
 Thy beauty all to deare 80

What reason is that crueltie
 With beautie should have part?
 Or els that such great tyranny
 Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death 85
 She cruelly is prest,
 To th'ende that I may want my breath:
 My dayes been at the best

~~o~~
 O Cupide, graunt this my request,
 And do not stoppe thine cares, 90
 That she may feele within her brest
 The paines of my dispaire

Of Corm [who] is canëlesse,
 That she may craye her fee.
 As I have done in great destiesse, 95
 That loved her faithfully..

But since that I shal die her slave,
 Her slave, and eke her thiall
 Write you, my fiendes, upon my giave
 This chaunce that is befall 100

Here lieth unhappy Hapalus
 By cruell love now slaine.
 Whom Phylida unjustly thus
 Hath mured with disdaine.'

XIII

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a contemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits, but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsey, from whose 'Ever-Green' Vol I it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among 'Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb 1770 12mo.' Mr Robert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following elogue, written by W Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century.

'In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,
 With gude Mr Robert Henryson'

Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum, viz 'The moral Fabillis of Esop compyhit be Maister Robert Henrysoun, scolmaister of Dumfermling, 1571' Harleian MSS 3865 § 1.

In Ramsay's 'Evergreen,' Vol I whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Dore pieces by Henryson, the one intitled 'The Lyon and the Mouse,' the other, 'The garment of gude Ladyis' Some other of his Poems may be seen in the 'Ancient Scottish Poems' printed from Bannatyne's MS above referred to

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,
 Keirpan'd a flock of fle,
 Quhen many Makyne said him till,
 'O Robin row on me
 I haif thee luv't baith loud and still, 5
 Thu towmonds twa or thre,
 My dule in dein bot gif thou dill,
 Doubtless but died ill die'

Robin replied, 'Now by the rude,
 Naithing of luv'e I knaw, 10
 But keep my sheep undr yon wod
 Lo quhan they rak on iaw
 Quhat can have mair thee in thy mude,
 Thou Makyne to me schaw,
 Or quhat is luv'e, or to be lude? 15
 Fain wald I len that law'

'The law of luv'e gin thou wald len,
 Tak than an A, B, C,
 Be heynd, countas, and fair of fair,
 Wyse, hardy, kind and fine, 20
 Sae that nac danger do the der,
 Quhat dule in dein thou die,
 Press ay to pleis, and blyth appear,
 Be patient and privie'

Robin, he answer't her agame, 25
 'I wat not quhat is luv'e,

Ver 19, Bannatyne's MS reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in the Edmb edit 1770 — Ver 21, So that no danger Bannatyne's MS

But I haif marvel in certaine
 Quhat makes thee thus yanrufe
 The wedder is fair, and I am fain,
 My sheep gais hail abuve; 30
 And sould we pley us on the plain,
 They wald us barth reprove.'

Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
 And wuk all as I reid,
 And thou sall haif my heart all hale, 35
 Elk and my maiden-heid.
 Sen God, he sendis bute for bale,
 And for muning remeid,
 I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,
 Doubtless I am but deid.' 40

'Makyne, to-morn be thns ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will merit me heir,
 Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have hggd full nen;
 But maugie haif I, gif I byde, 45
 Fiae thay begin to steu,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 Then, Makyne, mak gude cher.'

'Robin, thou reirs me of my rest;
 I luve bot thee alane' 50
 'Makyne, adieu' the sun goes west,
 The day is nen-hand gane'
 'Robin, in dule I am so drest,
 That luve will be my bane'
 'Makyn, gae luve quhañ-er ye list, 55
 For leman I lud nane'

‘ Robin, I stand in sic a style,
 I sich and that full san ’
 ‘ Makyne, I have bene here this quyle,
 At hame I wish I were ’ 60
 ‘ Robin, my hanny, talk and smyle,
 Gif thou wilt do nae man ’
 ‘ Makyne, som othei man beguyle,
 For hameward I will faire ’

Syne Robin on his ways he went, 65
 As light as leif on tree,
 But Makyne munt and made lament,
 Scho trow’d him neu to see
 Robin he brayd attowae the bent
 Then Makyne cried on hie, 70
 ‘ Now may thou sing, for I am shent!
 Quhat ails luv at me ’

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
 And wenyhe could weip,
 Then Robin in a full fair dale 75
 Assemblt all his sheip
 De that some part of Makyne’s ail,
 Out-throw his heart could creep,
 Hu fast he followt to assail,
 And till heir tuke gude keep 80

‘ Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyné,
 A word for ony thing,
 For all my luv, it sall be thyne,
 ~~Withouten~~ Withouten departing
 All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85
 Is all my coveting,
 My sheip to morn quhyle hours nyne,
 Will need of nae keeping

'Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
 In gests and storys auld, 90
 The man that will not when he may,
 Sall have nocht when he wald
 I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
 Be eiked then caies sae cauld,
 That presses first with thee to play 95
 Be foinest, fith, or fauld '

'Makyne, the nicht is soft and dny,
 The wether waim and fair,
 And the giene wod nicht non-hand by,
 To walk attowie all where 100
 There may nae jangleas us espy,
 That is in luv contian,
 Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
 Unseen may mak repau '

'Robin, that warld is now away, 105
 And quyt brocht till an end
 And nevyn again thereto, perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend,
 For of my pain thou made but play,
 I words in van did spend 110
 As thou hast done, sae sall I say,
 Mun on, I think to mend '

'Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
 My heart on thee is set,
 I'll everman to thee be leil, ' 115
 Quhyle I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as utheirs feill,
 Quhat grace so eir I get '

Ver 99, Bannatyne's MS has woid, not woud, as in Ed 1770 — Ver 117,
 Bannatyne's MS reads as above feill, not faill, as in Ed 1770

‘Robin, with thee I will not dell,
Adieu, for this we met’ 120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis han;
Pure RoElin mynd, and Makyne leugh,
Scho sang, and he sicht sau
And so left him bayth wo and wicuch, 125
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his heid under a heuch,
Among the rashy gair

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the *Virgo Parvathalassa*, in his colloquy, intitled, ‘*Peregrinatio religionis ergo*’. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shown him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to ‘our lady of Walsingham’¹. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners, who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor’s folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time, but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by *italics*.

‘GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way’

¹ See at the end of this ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

‘Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon,
And verrey crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone.’

‘ Weere the mules doubled thusse,
And the way never soe ill, 10
Itt were not enough for mine offence
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill ’

'Thy yeeanes are young, thy face is faine,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are giene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett, 15
For to commutt so great a sinne'

‘ Yes, hearstman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to grieffe and irksome care

For my beloved, and well-beloved, 25
My wayward cruelty could kill.
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearly I bewail him still

*He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee,
Of comely men and shap hee was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grewe so proud his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know myselte,* 35
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee

¹ And grew so coy and nice to please,
 As women's lookes are often soe,
 He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe 40

Thus being wearyed with delaye—
 To see I pityed not his greoffe,
 He gott him to a secrett place,
 And there he dyed without relieffe

And for his sake these weeds I weare, 45
 And sacrifice my tender age,
 And every day Ile begg my bread,
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
 And ever will doe till I dye, 50

¹ Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of 'Edwin and Emma,' the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original

'And' still I try'd each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain,
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride,
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he dy'd

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay,
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay

And there forlorn despairing hid,
 I'll lay me down and die
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I

And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I

Now, gentle heardsman,.aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham 55
Show me the right and ready way '

Now goe thy wayes, and God befoie!
For he must ever guide thee still
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!' 60

*** To shew what constant tribute was paid to 'Our Lady of Walsingham,' I shall give a few extracts from the 'Household-Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland' Printed 1770, 8vo

• Sect XLIII pag 237, &c

Item, My Lorde usith yerly, to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngham,—xij d

Item, My Lorde usith ande accustomyth to sende yerely for the upholdyng of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fyndith bunyng yerly bcf or our Lady of Walsyngham, contenyng xj lb of Wax in it after vij d ob for the fyndyng of every lb redy wrought by a covenant maid with the Channon by greit, for the hole yere, for the fyndyng of the said Lyght bynning,—vi s xij d

Item, My Loid useth and accustomyth to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lightyng of it at all service tymes dayly, thorowt the yere,—xij d

Item, My Loid usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Priest that kepith the Light, lyghtyng of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—xij s xij d

XV

K EDWARD IV AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH,

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors The author of the 'Art of English poesie,' 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it as a real fact Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called 'Acyon,' &c, 'When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express,' he adds, 'Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to

king Edward the Fourth, which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his time that it was the king, was afraid he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

‘I hope I shall be hanged to morrow,’

for [I feare me] I shall be hanged, ‘whereat the king laughed a good,’ not only to see the Tanner’s *vanne* feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme, and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. I am afraid,’ concludes this sagacious writer, ‘the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward,’ p. 214. —The phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present², but occurs with some variation in another old poem, intitled ‘John the Reeve,’ described in the following volume, (see the Preface to ‘the King and the Miller,’) viz

‘Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
And Edward wer in this place,
Hce shold not touch this tonne
He wold be wroth with John I hope,
Therefore I beshrew the soupe,
That in his mouth shold come’ Pt 2 st 24

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, ‘A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betwecce K. Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Timworth, &c. printed in London, by John Danter, 1596.’ This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published, and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old Ballad of ‘The King and the Baker,’ reprinted with other ‘Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts and old Printed Copies, &c.’ Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see

With ~~h~~hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe,
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

¹ *Vid.* Gloss. —² Nor in that of the ‘Baker’ mentioned below

And he had ridden oie dale and downe,
 By eight of clocke in the day, 10
 When he was ware of a bold tanner,
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide, 15
 And a mare of four shilling¹

'Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the grene wood spraye,
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye' 20

'God speede, God speede thee,' said our king,
 'Thou art welcome sir,' sayd hee
 'The readiest waye to Drayton Basset
 I praye thee to shewe to mee'

'To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25
 Flo the place where thou dost stand?
 The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand'

'That is an unready waye,' sayd our king,
 'Thou doest but jest I see' 30
 Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee'

¹ In the reign of Edward IV Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A D 1466, among many other bequests has this, 'Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s 4d to buy him an hoise' *Vol Harleian Catalog* 2176 27 Now if 13s 4d would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's hoise might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings

‘Awaye with a vengeance!’ quoth the tanner
 ‘I hold thee out of thy witt
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35
 And I am fasting yett’

‘Go with me dowie to Dayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spaie,
 All daye shalt thou eate and dunke of the best,
 And I will paye thy faie’ 40

‘Gramecye for nothing,’ the tanner replyde,
 ‘Thou payest no faie of mine
 I trowe I’ve more nobles in my puse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine’

‘God give thee joy of them,’ sayd the king, 45
 ‘And send them well to prefe’
 The tanner wolde fame have becne away,
 For he weende he had becne a thiefe

‘What art thou,’ hee sayde, ‘thou fine fellowe?’
 Of thee I am in great feare, 50
 For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe,
 Might beseeme a lord to weare’

‘I never stole them,’ quoth our king,
 ‘I tell you, su, by the roode’
 ‘Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55
 And standest in midds of thy goode’¹

‘What tydinges heare you,’ sayd the kynge,
 ‘As you ryde farre and neare?’
 ‘I heare no tydinges, su, by the masse,
 But that cowe-hides are deare.’ 60

¹ e hast no other wealth, but what thou carnest about thee

‘Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?’

I marvel what they bee?’

‘What, art thou a foole?’ the tanner reply’d,

‘I cany one under mee.’

‘What craftsman art thou?’ said the king, 65

‘I praye thee tell me trawe’

‘I am a barker,¹ sir, by my trade,

Nowe tell me what art thou?’

‘I am a poore countier, sir,’ quoth he,

‘That am forth of service worne, 70

And fame I wolde thy pientise bee,

Thy cunnunge for to leane’

‘Marrye, heaven forfend,’ the tanner replyde,

‘That thou my pientise were’

Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne 75

By fortye shilling a yere.’

‘Yet one thinge wolde I,’ sayd our king,

‘If thou wilt not seeme strange

Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,

Yet with thee I fame wold change’ 80

‘Why if with me thou fame wilt change,

As change full well maye wee,

By the faith of my bodye, thou proude feldowe,

I will have some boot of thee.’

‘That were against reason,’ sayd the king, 85

‘I sweare, so mote I thee

My horse is better than thy mare,

And that thou well mayst see.’

¹ i e a dealer in bark.

‘Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will faie
 Thy hoise is unrulye and wild, I wiss,
 Aye skipping here and theare’ 90

‘What boote wilt thou have?’ our king reply’d,
 ‘Now tell me in this stound’
 ‘Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
 But a noble in gold so round’ 95

‘Here’s twentye gyoates of white moneyè,
 Sith thou will have it of mee’
 ‘I would have swoine now,’ quoth the tanner,
 ‘Thou hadst not had one pennie’ 100

But since we two have made a change,
 A change we must abide,
 Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou gettest not my cowe-hide’

‘I will not have it,’ sayd the kynge,
 ‘I sweare, so mought I thee,
 Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beaie,
 If thou woldst give it to mee’ 105

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
 That of the cow was hilt,
 And thiewe it upon the king’s sadelle,
 That was soe fayelye gilte 110

‘Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
 ’Tis time that I were gone
 When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
 Shoel say I am a gentilmon’ 115

The king he tooke him up by the legge,
The tanner a f... lett fall,
'Nowe manye, good fellowe,' sayd the kyng,
'Thy courtesye is but small.' 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was,
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or biass

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125
And eke the blacke cowe-horne,
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him boine

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast 130
At length the tanner came tumbling downe,
His necke he had well-nye brast

'Take thy hoise again with a vengeance,' he sayd,
'With mee he shall not byde'
'My hoise wolde have boine thee well enoughc, 135
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide

Yet if agame thou fame woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
I will have some boote of thee' 140

'What boote wilt thou have,' the tanner replyd,
'Nowe tell me in this stounde?'
'Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound'

‘Here’s twentye groates out of my purse, 145
 And twentye I have of thine:
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine’

The king set a bugle home to his mouth,
 And blew both loude and shrille 150
 And soone came lords, and soon came knights,
 Fast yding over the hille.

‘Nowe, out alas!’ the tanner he cryde,
 ‘That ever I sawe this daye!’
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes 155
 Will beare my cowe-hilde away’

‘They are no thieves,’ the kinge replyde,
 ‘I sweare, soe mote I thee
 But they are the lords of the north countreÿ,
 Here come to hunt with mee’ 160

And soone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the ground
 Then might the tanner have been awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounde

‘A collar, a collar, here ’ sayd the king, 165
 ‘A collar’ he loud gan crye.
 Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
 He had not been so nighe

‘A collar, a collar,’ the tanner he sayd,
 ‘I trowe it will breede sorrowe 170
 After a collar commeth a halter,
 I trow I shall be hang’d to-morrowe’

‘Be not afraid, Tanner,’ said our king,
 ‘I tell thee, so mought I thee,
 Lo here I make thee the best esquire 175
 That is in the North countre¹

For Plumpton-paake I will give thee,
 With tenements faue beside
 ‘Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
 To maintaine thy good cove-hide’ 180

‘Grameyce, my hege,’ the tanner replyde,
 ‘For the favou thou hast me showne,
 If ever thou comest to mery Tamwõrth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen’

XVI

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER

The scene of this song is the same as in Num XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol I p 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting

As I went to Walsingham,
 To the shrine with speede,
 Met I with a jolly palmer
 In a pilgrimes weede

¹ This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden’s ‘Titles of Honour,’ who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a Collar. His words are, ‘Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving Collars, is expressed’ (Sub Tit Esquire, & vide in Spelman’s Glossar Armiger). This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself. This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. to whom the public is indebted for that curious work the ‘Curialia,’ 4to

‘Now God you save, you jolly palmer!’

‘Welcome, lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love’

‘—Of have I said you nay’

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus¹

The following ballad was once very popular, it is quoted in Fletcher’s ‘Knt of the Burning Pestle,’ Act II sc ult and in another old play, called, ‘Hans Peer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c’ 4to 1618, Act I The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr Shenstone as collected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza

We have placed this, and ‘Gentle Herdsman,’ &c thus early in the volume, upon a pre-umption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people

‘As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?’

‘How should I know your true love, 5
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come, and gone?’

‘My love is neither white,² nor browne,
But as the heavens faire, 10
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre’

‘Such an one did I meet, good-sir,
With an angelicke face,
Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard 15
Both in her gart, her grace’

¹ Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus Thus in his Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo 1

Hermetes on a heape, with hoked stabes,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her menches after.

sc pale

² i.e. their

‘ Yes she hath cleane forsaken me,
 And left me all alone,
 Who some time loved me as her life,
 And called me her owne ’ 20

‘ What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
 And a new way doth take,
 That some times loved thee as her life,
 And thee her joy did make ? ’

I that loved her all my youth, 25
 Growe old now as you see,
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,
 Nor yet the withered tree

For love is like a carelesse childe,
 Forgetting promise past 30
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,
 And yeldes a trustlesse joye,
 Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35
 And lost ev’n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankind,
 Or Loves faire name abuse,
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,
 And follies are excusde. 40

[But true love is a lasting fire,
 Which viewless vestals ¹ tend,
 That burnes for ever in the soule,
 And knowes no change, nor end.] * *

¹ sc. Angels.

XVII

HARDYKNUTE

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces, that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs Waidlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pittferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of shoes. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desirous to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last beginning with 'There's nae light,' &c. which were not in the copy that we first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first edition in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Halket, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he had been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the 'Orpheus Caledonius,' 1733, 2 vols. 8vo declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs Waidlaw's copy was heard of.

The poem is here printed from the original edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, at the end of the ballad ¹)

I

STATELY stept he east the wa',
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy years he now had seen,
 Wi' scarce seven years of rest
 He liv'd when Butons breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deadlie fae,

5

¹ This ballad refers to the battle of Laigs, fought between the Scotch and the Norwegians, on 2d October 1265. Fauly Castle, the residence of Hardyknute, stands three miles south of the battle-field. It is a single square tower, by the side of a wild stream, tumbling over a rock into a deep ravine.—ED.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
 With ha's and tow'is a height, 10
 And goodly chambers fair to se,
 Where he lodged mony a knight
 His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
 For chaste and beauty deem'd,
 'Nae mannow had in all the land, 15
 Save ELENOR the queen

III.

Full thutteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout,
 In bloody fight with sword in hand
 Nine lost then lives bot doubt 20
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by hege and land,
 High was then fame, high was then might,
 And high was their command.

IV

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fan, 25
 Their sister saft and dear,
 Her gudle shaw'd her middle gimp,
 And gowden glist her hau
 What waefu' wae her beauty bred!
 Waefu' to young and auld, 30
 Waefu' I tiow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V

The king of Noise in summer tyde,
 Puff'd up with pow'r and might,

Landed in fan Scotland the isle 35
 With mony a hardy knight
 The tydings to our good Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dine,
 With noble chiefs in brave array,
 Drinking the blood-red wine 40

VI

‘To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 You faes stand on the stand,
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands’
 ‘Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,’ 45
 Our good king rosc and cry’d,
 A trustier beast in a’ the land
 A Scots king never try’d

VII

‘Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill sae hie, 50
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
 And haste and follow me’
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master’s aim,
 ‘Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute, 55
 And rid your king frae harm’

VIII

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow,
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do, 60
 He’s ta’en a hoin as green as glass,
 And gien five sounds sae shill,

That trees in green wood shook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee, 65
 Had past that summer's morn,
 When low down in a grassy dale,
 They heard then father's hoin
 'That hoin,' quo' they, 'ne'er sounds in
 peace,
 We've other sport to bide.' 70
 And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his side.

X

'Late, late yestreen I ween'd in peace
 To end my lengthened life,
 My age might well excuse my aim 75
 Frae manly feats of stufe,
 But now that Noise do's proudly boast
 Frae Scotland to mthraill,
 It's no'er be said of Hardyknute,
 He fear'd to fight or fall 80

XI

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows shoot sae leel,
 That mony a comely countenance
 They've turnd to deadly pale
 Brade Thomas, take you but your lance, 85
 You need nae weapons mair,
 If you fight wi't as you did anes
 'Gamst Westmoreland's fierce heir

XII.

And Malcolm, light of foot as stag,
 That runs in forest wild, 90
 Get me my thousands three of men
 Well byed to sword and shield
 Bring me my horse and harnessine
 My blade of mettall clear
 If faes but ken'd the hand it baie, 95
 They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Farewell my dame sae peerless good,
 (And took her by the hand),
 Faeer to me in age yōu seem,
 Than maids for beauty fam'd 100
 My youngest son shall hōe remain
 To guard these stately towers,
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps
 Sae fast your painted bowers '

XIV

And first she wet her comely cheiks, 105
 And then her boddice green,
 Her silken cords of twittle twist,
 Well plett with silver sheen,
 And apron set with mony a dice
 Of needle-waik sae rare, 110
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
 Save that of Faaily fair

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
 O'er hills and mony a glen,

When he came to a wounded knight 115
 Making a heavy mane,
 'Here maun I lye, here naun I dye,
 By treacheerie's false guiles,
 Witless I was that e'er ga faith
 To wicked woman's smiles' 120

XVI

'Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,
 To lean on silken seat,
 My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
 Who ne'er knew deadly hate
 Heiself wou'd watch you a' the day, 125
 Her maids a dead of night,
 And Fauly fan your heart wou'd chear,
 As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

Arise young knight, and mount your stead,
 Full lowns the shynand day. 130
 Choose frae my menzie whom ye please
 To lead you on the way'
 With smileless look, and visage wan
 The wounded knight reply'd,
 'Kind chieftain, your intent pursue, 135
 For here I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
 Can e'er be sweet or fair,
 But soon beneath some draping tree,
 Cauld death shall end my care' 140
 With him nae pleading might prevail,
 Brave Hardyknute to gain

With faeest woids, and reason strong,
 Stave couitegusly in vain

XIX

Syne he has gane fae hynd out o'er 145
 Loid Chattan's land sae wide,
 That loid a worthy wight was ay,
 When faes his couage sey'd
 Of Pictish race by mother's side,
 When Picts rul'd Caledon, 150
 Loid Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
 When he sav'd Pictish crown

XX

Now with his fiece and stalwart tram,
 He reach'd a rising hight,
 Quhan braid encampit on the dale, 155
 Noiss menzie lay in sight
 'Yonder, my valiant sons and feus,
 Our raging revers wait
 On the unconquert Scottish sward
 To try with us their fate. 160

XXI

Make orisons to him that sav'd
 Our sauls upon the rude,
 Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
 With Caledonian blude'
 Then furth he diaw his trusty glave, 165
 While thousands all around
 Diawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the
 sun,
 And loud the bougles sound

XXII

To joyn his king adoun the hill
 In hast his merch he made, 170
 While, playand pibrochs, minstials met
 Afoie him stately strade
 'Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of wen,
 Thy nations shield and pride,
 Thy king nac reason has to fear 175
 When thou art by his side'

XXIII

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thiang scarce cou'd they flee,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the tree 180
 Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
 With little skaith to mon,
 But bloody, bloody was the field,
 Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots, that sindle brook'd 185
 The war that look'd like play,
 Diew his brad sword, and biake his bow,
 Sin bows seem'd but delay
 Quoth noble Rothsay, 'Mine I'll keep,
 I wat it's bled a score' 190
 'Haste up my meriy men,' cry'd the king,
 As he rode on before

XXV

The king of Noirse he sought to find,
 With him to mense the faught,

But on his forehead there did light 195
 A sharp unsonsie shaft,
 As he his hand put up to feel
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst between his een. 200

XXVI

'Revenge, revenge,' cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 'Your mail-coat sha' na bide
 The strength and sharpness of my dart
 Then sent it through his side
 Another arrow well he mark'd, 205
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII

'Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!'
 Again wi' might he drew 210
 And gesture dread his studdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew
 Wae to the knight he ettled at;
 Lament now, queen Elgreed;
 High dames, too, wail your darling's fall, 215
 His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII.

'Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold well was it twinn'd,
 Knt like the fowler's net, through quhilk,
 His steelly harness shinn'd) 220
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blood it bears,

Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He sae nae weapon fears'

XXIX:

Proud Noise with giant body talk, 225
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cry'd, 'Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
 And fear'd at Britain's throne.
 Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
 I soon shall make him wail, 230
 That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae saft his coat of mail.'

XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
 It lent him youthfu' mecht:
 'I'm Hardyknute, this day,' he cry'd, 235
 'To Scotland's king I heght
 To lay thee low, as hoises hoof,
 My word I mean to keep'
 Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
 He gar'd his body bleed, 240

XXXI

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stan'd wyld,
 He sigh'd wi' shame and spite,
 'Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
 That left thee power to strike'
 Then ga' his head a blow sae fell, 245
 It made him doun to stoup,
 As laugh as he to ladies us'd
 In courtly guise to fout.

XXXII

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he maivell'd sae, 250
 Sin blows till then 'on him but dan'd
 As touch of Fauly fae
 Noise maivell'd too as sae as he
 To see his stately look,
 Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae, 255
 Sae soon his life he took

XXXIII

Where like a fire to heather set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 Ane study fae with look enrag'd
 Up toward him did piance, 260
 He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
 His fury to repell

XXXIV.

' That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd, 265
 Looks like poor Scotlands gear,
 But deaddfull seems the rusty point!'
 And loud he leugh in jea
 ' Oft Britons blood has dimm'd its shine,
 This point cut short then vaunt ' 270
 Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded check,
 Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV

Short while he in his saddle swang,
 His stirrup was nae stay,

Sae feeble hang his unbent knee 275
 Sure taiken he was fey
 Swith on the harden't clay he fell,
 Right far was heard the thud
 But Thomas look't nae as he lay
 All waltering in his blud' 280

XXXVI

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,
 On 10de he north the plain,
 His seem in throng of fiercest strife,
 When winner ay the same
 Nor yet his heart dames dimplet cheek 285
 Could mease soft love to brulk,
 Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his lulk

XXXVII.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheek
 All panting on the plain, 290
 The fainting corps of warrions lay,
 Ne'ie to arise again,
 Ne'ie to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds
 To boast the glories of the day, 295
 And shaw their shining wounds

XXXVIII

On Norways coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with tears,
 May lang lulk ow'r the shipless seas
 Befor her mate appears 300
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in van,
 Thy lord lyes in the clay,

The valiant Scots nae rewers thole
 To carry life away.

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross 305
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd keen war's black intent
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Noise the name ay dread, 310
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
 Shall latest ages read.

XL

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
 San beat the heavy shower,
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute 315
 Wan near his stately tower
 His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze
 To shine sae fair at night,
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd. 320

XLI.

'There's nae light in my lady's bower,
 There's nae light in my ha',
 Nae blink shimes round my Fauly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wa',
 'What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say,'— 325
 Nae answer fitts then dread
 'Stand back, my sons, I lo' be your guide,'
 But by they past with speed.

XLII

‘As fast I’ve sped owre Scotland’s faes,—

There ceas’d his biag o’ wen, 330

San sham’d to mind ought but his dame,

And maiden Fauly fair.

Black fear he felt, but what to fear

He wist nae yet, wi’ dlead

San shook his body, sair his limbs, 335

And a’ the wairior fled

* * * * *

. In an elegant publication, intitled, ‘Scottish Tragic Ballads, printed by and for J Nichols, 1781, 8vo’ may be seen a continuation of the Ballad of ‘Hardyknute,’ by the addition of a Second Part, which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor —To whom the late Sir D Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p 78) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of ‘Hardyknute’ to have been Sir John Bruce himself His words are, ‘To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you’ll find that the tenth part is not legible’ He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS Hence it appears, that Sir John was the author of ‘Hardyknute,’ but afterwards used Mrs Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault, as is well observed by the Editor of the ‘Tragic Ballads,’ &c of ‘Maitland’s Scot Poets,’ vol I p cxxvii

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M D of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes

The title of the first edition was, ‘Hardyknute, a Fragment Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c 1719,’ folio, 12 pages

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42

In the present impression the orthography of Dr Clerk’s copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable viz He had in ver 20 but —v 50 of harm —v 64 every —v 67 lo down —v 83 That omitted —v 89 And omitted —v 143 With argument but vainly strave Lang —v 148 say’d —v 155 meampit on the plain —v 156 Nowe squadrons —v 158 legand revers —v 170 his studes he hent —v 171 minstrals playand Pibrochs fine —v 172 stately went —v. 182 mon —v 196 sharp and fatal —v 219 which —

v 241 stood wyld — Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38 — v 305 There — v 313
blew westling — v 336 had originally been, He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd

The Editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr David Clerk, M D
of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr John Clerk), that between the present
stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on mature
consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS additions

Now darts flew wavering through slow speed,
Scarce cou'd they reach their aim,
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
'Twas all but shot in vain
Right strength'ny arms forthbleb'd glow,
Sair wreck'd w' that day's toils
E'en fierce born minds now lung'd for peace,
And curs'd war's cruel broils

Yet still war's horns sounded to charge,
Swords clash'd and harness rung,
But softly sae ilk blaster blew
The hills and dales flaemang
Nae echo heard n' double dints,
Nor the lang vinding horn,
Nae mair she blew out brade as she
Did on that summers morn

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN

In the former Book, we brought down this second Series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had then respective Ballad-makers, and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled 'Little John Nobody,' may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI, and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of 'Luther and the Pope,' is not altogether devoid of spirit, it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained, especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol I folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, *Christen Man*, the other called *Iustus Tiburtius*, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her

superstitions ¹ in the other, the poet (one R. Wever) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit. This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon, take an instance

‘The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
As in the xxxij chapter it doth appere
Be converted, O ye children, &c’

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation, and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth. for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition

‘The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
In olde traditions, and made by men, &c’

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

The world was never meri
Since chyldren were so bould
Now every boy will be a teacher,
The father a foole, the chylde a preacher’

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer’s Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprinted at London in Powells church parde by me John Skot. In Mr Garrick’s collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is intitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus and is thus distinguished at the end. Finis quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Pauls church parde, by Abraham Vile at the signe of the Lamb. Of this too Mr Garuck has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two Plays the Reader may find some further particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see the Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, and the curious Reader will find the Plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins’s ‘Origin of the English Drama,’ 3 vols Oxford, 1773, 12mo

¹ Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,

‘There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron
That of God hath commissioun,
As hath the leest preest in the world beynge

* * * * *

God hath to them more power gyven,
Than to any aungell, th it is in heven,
With v. wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in fleshe and blode to take,
And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes
The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,
Bothe in erthe and in heven —
Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven
Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy,
Thou art the surgyan that curyth synne dedly,
No remedy may we fynde under God,
But alone on priesthode
— God gave preest that dignite,
And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,
Thus be they above aungels in degre’

See Hawkins’s Orig. of Eng. Drama, Vol I p 61

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,
 And prayse the Loides magnificence,
 Which hath given the wolues a fall,
 And is become our strong defence;
 For they thorowe a false pretens 5
 From Churistes bloude dyd all us leade,¹
 Gettyng from every man his pence,
 As satisfactours for the deade

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get
 To kepe our house, and seivauntes, 10
 That did the Ficeis from us fet,
 And with our soules played the merchauntes
 And thus they with theyr false wariantes
 Of our swete have easelye lyved,
 That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15
 So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
 The carefull, nor the poore wydowe,
 They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
 If it above the ground did growe 20
 But now we Husbandmen do knowe
 Al their subteltye, and their false caste;
 For the loide hath them overthrowe
 With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25
 Has usurped kynges powers,
 As having power over realmes and townes,
 Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:

¹ i. e. denied us the cup, see below, ver 94

Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
 Thou maist lykewyse Gods word oppresse, 30
 As do the deceaifful fouleis,
 When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse

Thou flatterest every pynce, and lord,
 Thietening poore men with sweaide and fyre,
 All those, that do followe Gods woide, 35
 To make them cleve to thy desire,
 Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire,
 Cusing with boke, bell, and candell,
 Such as to reade them have desyre,
 Or with them are wyllynge to meddell 40

Thy false power wyl I bring down,
 Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
 I shall dryve the[e] from citee and towne,
 Even with this PEN that thou seyste here
 Thou fyghtest with sweid, shyld, and speare, 45
 But I wyll fyght with Gods woide,
 Which is now so open and cleare,
 That it shall bringe the[e] under the borde¹

THE POPE

Though I brought never so many to hel,
 And to utter dampnacion, 50
 Thoughe myne ensample, and consel,
 Or thorow any abhominacion,
 Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion
 And thou, Luther, arte accursed,
 For blamyng me, and my condicion, 55
 The holy decrees have the[e] condempned.

¹ i.e. Make thee knock under the table

Thou stayvest against my purgatoiy,
 Because thou findest it not in scripture,
 As though I by myne auctorite
 Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60
 Knowest thou not, that I have power
 To make, and maie, in heaven and hell,
 In eith, and every creature?
 Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it, 65
 Am not I Gods hye vicarie?
 Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
 As the carpenter his ruler?¹
 Nay, nay, hereticks^{ye} are,
 That will not obey my auctoritie 70
 With this sworde I wyll declare,
 That ye shal al accused be

THE CARDINAL

I am a Cardinall of Rome,
 Sent from Chistes hye vicary,
 To graunt paddon to more, or sume, 75
 That wil Luther resist strongly
 He is a greate hereticke treuly,
 And regardeth to[o] much the scripture,
 For he thinketh onely thereby
 To subdue the popes high honoure. 80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
 And loke that ye agaynst him fight;
 Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
 For the pope sayth ye do but ryght.

¹ i. e. his Rule

And thus be sure, that at one flyghte, 85
 Although ye be overcome by chaunce,
 Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte,
 God can make you no resistance

But these heretikes for then medlynge
 Shall go down to hel every one, 90
 For they have not the popes blessinge,
 Nor regaide his holy paxton
 They thinke from all destruction
 By Christes blood to be saved,
 Fearynge not our excommunicacion, 95
 Therefore shall they al be dampned

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire, we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and then enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Martland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library.)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
 And a Miller, that will not steill,
 With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
 And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
 And, throw virtue of thame three,
 That deid corpse sall gwyknit be

Thus far all was fair but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ then rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. 'Green sleeves and pudding pies' (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns. 'Maggy Lauder' was another. 'John Anderson my jo' was a third. The original music of all these bunksque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The

reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend, who thinks by the 'Seven Bauns,' in st 2d are meant the Seven Sacraments, five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy

The adaption of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact — From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, 'The Book of the Universal Kirk,' p 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed 'a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy song, called, 'Welcome Fortunes' ¹

WOMAN

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, cum in as ye gae bye,
And ye sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye,
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ye's get that

MAN

And how doe ye, Cummei ² and how hae ye thieven?
And how mony baarns hae ye? Wom Cummei, I hae
seven
MAN Aie they to you awin gude man? Wom Na,
Cummei, na,
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa' ¹

III

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and 'Steyne's Mem of Cranmer' The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is

¹ See also Biograph Britan 1st Edit vol I p 177

gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify, many that were of no religion, many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church, and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers

The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity, his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to Book III in this Volume

In December, when the dayes draw to be short,
After November, when the nights wax noysome and
long,

As I past by a place privly at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song
His last ¹ talk of trifles, who told with his tongue 5
That few were fast i' th' faith. I [freyned²] that
freake,

Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not
speake

'John Nobody,' quoth I, 'what news? thou soon note
and tell

What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad' 10
He said, 'These gay gallants, that wil construe the
gospel,

As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad,

¹ Perhaps He left talk —² feyned MSS. and P O

To discusse divinity they nought adread ; .
 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke,
 'Thou lvest,' quoth I, 'thou losel, like a leud lad' 15
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not
 speake

'Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
 And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind,
 It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
 As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are
 blind 20

Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find,
 As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke
 Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;
 But that I little John Nobody durst not speake

For our reverend father hath set forth an order, 25
 Our service to be said in our seignours tongue,
 As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
 Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,
 With homilies, and godly books us among,
 That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should fleyke 30
 But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake

For bribery was never so great, since born was our
 Lord,
 And whorodom was never les hated, sith Christ har-
 rowed hel,
 And poor men are so sore punished commonly through
 the world, 35
 That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel

Vea. 23 Cain's kind] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud frairs are
 said to be

—— 'Of Caymes kind' Vid Sig C 11. b

For al the homlies and good books, yet their hearts
 be so quel,
 That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him
 wieake,
 The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell
 But that I little John Nobody daie not speake 40

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
 And in lechery to leyke al theu long life,
 For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
 Wil move mischiefe in theu mind both to maid and
 wife
 To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil stufe, 45
 And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments
 breake
 But of these frantick fellows, few of them do thurfe,
 Though I little John Nobody daie not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil curiously carp,
 and not care
 According to their foolish fantasy, but fast wil they
 naught. 50
 Prayer with them is but prating, therefore they it
 forbear
 Both almes deeds, and holness, they hate it in their
 thought
 Therefore pray we to that pynce, that with his bloud
 us bought,
 That he wil mend that is amiss for many a manful
 freyke
 Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or
 nought, 55
 And that I little John Nobody dare not once
 speake'

Thus in no place, this NOBODY, in no time I met,
 Where no man, [ne¹] NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did
 appear,
 Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
 That [Aeolus²] through the eccho did cause me to hear
 Then I drew me down into a dalè, whereas the dumb
 deer 61
 Did shiver for a shower, but I shunted from a fleyke
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
 But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV.

Q ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
AT WOODSTOCK,³

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
 Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
 Could beare me, and the joys I quit
 Thou causedest the gultie to be losed 5
 From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed
 Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death had well deserved
 But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thoughte

A D MDLV

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER

Ver 4, Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the 'Beggars of Bedna Green,' ver 57, Could say

¹ then, MSS and PC —² Hercules, MSS and PC —³ This happened in the reign of Mary, and three years ere Elizabeth was crowned Queen —ED

V

THE HEIR OF LINNE

The original of this Ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS the blemishes and defects in which rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the conclusion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will beginne
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
 Which was the unthriftie hene of Linne

His father was a right good lord, 5
 His mother a lady of high degree,
 But they, alas! were dead, him free,
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drunke and revell every night, 10
 To card and dice from eve to morn,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselve, 15
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare

Soe fares the unthriftie lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent,
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent 20

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee

 Sayes, ' Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheerie,
 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heerie '

 ' My gold is gone, my money is spent,
 My lande nowe take it unto thee 30
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee '

 Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he cast him a gods-pennie,¹
 But for every pounce that John agiced, 35
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three

 He told him the gold upon the boide,
 He was ight glad his land to winne
 ' The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne ' 40

 Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

 For soe he to his father hight, 45
 ' My sonne, when I am gone,' sayd hee,

¹ i.e. earnest-money, from the French ' Denier à Dieu ' At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a ' Gods-penny '

‘Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou’lt never spend, 50
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend ’

The hene of Linne is full of golde
‘And come with me,’ my friends, ‘sayd hee,
‘Let’s dinke, and iant, and merry make, 55
And he that spaies, ne’er mote he thee ’

They ianted, dank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne,
And then his friendes they slunk away,
They left the unthifty hene of Linne 60

He had never a penny left in his puise,
Never a penny left but thiee,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy

‘Nowe well-aday,’ sayd the hene of Linne, 65
‘Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care? 70
He borrow of them all by tunes,
Soe need I not be never bare ’

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;

Another call'd him thriftless loone, 75
And bade him sharply wend his way

'Nowe well-aday,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Now well-aday, and woe is me!'
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merulee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a bienning shame
To rob and steal it were a sinne
To woike my limbs I cannot frame

Now Ile away to [the] lonesome lodge, 85
For there my father bade me wend,
When all the world should frown on mee,
I there shold find a trusty friend.'

PART THE SECOND

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to [the] lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne

He looked up, he looked downe, 5
In hope some comfort for to winne
But bare and lothly were the walles
'Here's soiry cheare,' quo' the heire of Linne

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe, 10
No shimmeing sunn herè ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chan, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
 Nought save a iope with renning noose, 15
 That dangling hung up o'er his head

And over it in broad lettèrs,
 These words were writen so plain to see
 'Ah' gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
 And brought thyselfe to penurie? 20

All this my boding mind misgave,
 I therefore left this trusty friend
 Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 And all thy shame and sorrows end'

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke, 25
 Soerely slent was the heire of Linne,
 His heart, I wis, was near to biast
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three. 30
 'This is a trusty friend indeed,
 And is right welcome unto mee'

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
 And sprang aloft with his bodie
 When lo! the ceiling buist in twaine, 35
 And to the ground came tumbling hee

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead
 At length he lookèd, and sawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redd 40

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there
 Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere ¹

Two were full of the beaten golde, 45
 The thnd was full of white monèy,
 And over them in broad lettèrs
 These words were written so plaine to
 see,

‘Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
 Amend thy life and follies past, 50
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last.’

‘And let it bee,’ sayd the heire of Linne,
 ‘And let it bee, but if I amend ²
 For here I will make mine avow, 55
 This reade ³ shall guide me to the end.’

Away then went with a merry cheare,
 Away then went the hene of Linne,
 I wis, he neither ceas’d ne blanne,
 Till John o’ the Scales house he did winne 60

And when he came to John o’ the Scales,
 Upp at the speere ⁴ then looked hee;
 There sate three lords upon a rowe,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

Ver 60, an old northern phrase

¹ in-fere, *i e* together — ² *i e* unless I amend — ³ *i e* advice, counsel —
 perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was speered, *i e* spied,
 tened, or shut — In Bale’s 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Notaries, we have
 a phrase, (fo 38) ‘The doer thereof oft tymes opened and speared
 ayne’

And John himself sate at the boid-head, 65
 Because now lord of Linne was hee
 'I pray thee,' he said, 'good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend to mee'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
 Away, away, this may not bee 70
 For Christ's curse on my head,' he sayd,
 'If ever I trust thee one pennie'

Then bespake the hene of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he
 'Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75
 I pray for sweet saint Charitie'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
 I swear thou gettest no almes of mee,
 For if we shold hang any losel heer,
 The first we wold begin with thee' 80

Then bespake a good fellðwe,
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his boid,
 Sayd, 'Turn agame, thou hene of Linne,
 Some time thou wast a well good lord

Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need bee

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
 To let him sit in thy companie. 90
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargam it was to thee.'

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
 All woud he answer'd him, againe
 'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he sayd, 95
 'But I did lose by that bagaine

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
 Before these lords so faue and free,
 'Thou shalt haue it backe again better cheape,
 By a hundied markes, than I had it of thee' 100

'I drawe you to record, lords,' he said,
 With that he cast him a gods pennie
 'Now by my fay,' sayd the heire of Linne,
 'And here, good John, is thy monèy'

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105
 And layd them down upon the bord
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
 Soe shent he cold say never a word

He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle dunne 110
 'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And nowe I me againe the lord of Linne'

Sayes, 'Have thou here, thou good fellðwe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee
 Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115
 And forty pounds I will give thee

He make the[e] keeper of my forrest,
 Both of the wild decre and the tame,
 For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
 I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.' 120

‘Now welladay” sayth Joan o’ the Scales
 ‘Now welladay! and woe is my life!
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
 Now I me but John o’ the Scales his wife’

‘Now faie thee well,’ sayd the hene of Linne, 125
 ‘Faewell now, John o’ the Scales,’ said hee
 ‘Christ’s cuse lght on me, if éver again
 I bring my lands in jeopardy’ * *

†† In the present edition of this ballad several ancient readings are restored from the folio MS

VI.

GASCOIGNE’S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES, ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems, one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called ‘The Steele-glass,’ 1576, 4to

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray’s-inn, but, disliking the study of the law, became first a danglei at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled ‘Gascoigne’s Wodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton.’ Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from ‘his poore house in Walthamsloe’ where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth Wood or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, ‘A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of Geo Gascoigne, Esq, who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct 7, 1577, by Geo Whetstone, Gent an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world,’ 4to no date—[From a MS of Oldys]

Mr Thomas Warton thinks ‘Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification’¹ But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth’s time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of them

¹ Observations on the Facine Queen, Vol II p 168

successors In the 'Paradise of Dainty Devises,'¹ (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times) will hardly be found one rough, or unharmonious line² whereas the numbers of Johnson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw. Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and was printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces, the first intitled, 'A hundieth sundrie flowies, bounde up in one small posie, &c London, imprinted for Richard Smith' without date, but from a letter of H W (p 202) compared with the Printer's epist to the Reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, 'The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq, corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author, 1575 — Printed at Lond for Richard Smith, &c' No year, but the epist dedicat is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's,³ or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Oculita veritas tempore patet* [R S]. This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery,⁴ and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

IN court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell,
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faue Bidges beares the bel

Upon whose lively cheekes, 5
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe

And therewithall so well 10
Hir graces all agree,

¹ Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to black-let — ² The same is true of most of the poems in the 'Mour of Magistrates,' 1563, 4to, and also of Surrey's Poems, 1557 — ³ Henrie Binneman — ⁴ *Le Temps decouvre la Verité*

No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee

Although some, lavish lippes,
Which like some other best,
Will say, the blemishe on hu browe 15
Disgraceth all the rest

Thereto I thus reple,
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did growe 20

For when dame Nature first
Had framde hu heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace,
It lyked hu so well 25
'Lo here,' quod she, 'a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love, 30
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.'

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne,
And some unseen wer present there, 35
Pore Bridges, to thy pain

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoodé,

Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hur
 I gesse it did hym good, 40

Yet when he felte the flame
 Gan kindle in his biest,
 And heid dame Nature boast by hir
 To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45
 He chaunged into hate,
 And sodeynly with mightie mace
 Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature mucche
 To see the cruell deede: 50
 Mee seemes I see hur, how she wept
 To see hir dearling bleede.

'Wel yet,' quod she, 'thus hurt
 Shal have some helpe I tiowe
 And quick with skin she coverd it, 55
 That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
 For feare of further flame,
 When angel-like he saw hir shine,
 Whome he had smit with shame 60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
 In cradel of hir kind
 The coward Cupide brake hir browe
 To wreke his wounded mynd.

Ver 62, In cradel of hir kind &c in the cradle of her family See
 Warton's Observations, vol II p 137

The skar still there remains,
 No force, there let it bee
 There is no clóude that can eclipse
 So bight a sunne, as she

65

* * * The Lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's Peerage, vol II p 133, ed 1779

VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians, who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden, the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow: 'Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter lord Chiford, concubine to Henry II (poisoned by queen Elmoir, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A D 1177] where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working, so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze,¹ but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thidde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe

Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda
 Non redolēt, sed olet, quæ redolere solēt

In English thus

The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
 Is now here graven, to whom beauty was lent
 In this grave full d like now is her bowre,
 That by her life was sweete and redolent
 But now that she is from this life blent,
 Though she was sweete, now foully doth she stinke
 A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke

Stowe's Annals, Ed 1631, p 154

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it as 'the common report of the people, that

¹ Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

the queene founde him out by a silken thierd, which the king had drawne after him out of his chamber with his foot, and dealt with him in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not longe after ' Vol III p 115 On the other hand, in Speede's Hist we are told that the jealous queen found her out ' by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde which the queene followed, till she had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after ' 3d Edit p 509 Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture), they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her haushly, with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it Indeed on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a prison of credit,¹ among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a cup This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, (perhaps only the Chalice) might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned, at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved The account is, that 'the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in peeces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the cup, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone'

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir, in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow 'Hugh bishop of Lincoln came to the abbey of nunes, called Godstow, and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II who for the love of her had done much good to that church Then, quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with men ' Annals, p 159

History further informs us, that king John repared Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, 'that these holy virgins might relieve with their prayers, the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund there interred '2

In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, 'Rosamundes tombe at God-

¹ Tho Allen of Gloc Hall, Oxon who died in 1632, aged 90 See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul Neubrig Hist vol III p 739 —² *Vid* Reign of Henry II in Speed's Hist writ by Dr Barcham, Dean of Bocking

stowe nunnery was taken up [of] late, it is a stone with this inscription, Tumba Rosamundæ Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lethei. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it.¹ See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718, at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundation of a very laige building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espée, (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, bishop of Lincoln.² Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots, he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady 'broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152] and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173.' [Cate's Hist. Vol I p 652.] But let it be observed that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted, that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots, that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor, and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Cate's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad, which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plantagenet, 'Natus est 5^o Hen II [1159] Factus est miles 25^o Hen II [1179] Elect in Episcop Lincoln 28^o Hen II [1182]'. *Vul Chron de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII)* Drake's Hist of York, p 422.

The following ballad is printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter, two of them in the Pepys library.

[The Ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have been first published in 'Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyses, Knights, and Gentlemen &c By Thomas Delone Lond 1612' 4to Add Note, Ed 1794.]

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A fane and comely dame

¹ This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint — ² Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp Rich I

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5
Hei favou, and hei face,
A sweeter creature in this wolde
Could never prince embiace

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight, 10
Hei sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light

The blood within her crystal chookes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose 15
For mastership did strive

Yea Rosamonde, fau Rosamonde,
Hei name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe 20

The king therefore, for hei defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never secne

Most curiously that bower was built 25
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about, 30
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out

And for his love and ladies sake,
That was so faue and brighte,

The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte 35

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she befoie did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile 40

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised waies
Within the realme of France

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewell thus he tooke 45

‘My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye
The fairest flower in all the world
To feed my fantasye 50

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell! 55

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee’

When Rosamond, that ladye blyghte, 65
Did heare the king saye spe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outwaide lookes did shewe,

And from her cleare and crySTALL eyes
The teares gusht out apace, 70
Which like the silver-peailed dewe
Ranne downe her comely face

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde 75
Her vitall spuits faile,

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke

‘Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?’ 85
The king did often say
‘Because,’ quoth shee, ‘to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye

But since your grace on forayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde 90
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
 Your sward and target beare,
 That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 95
 Which would offend you there

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
 Prepare your bed at nighte,
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
 At your returne from fighte 100

So I your presence may enjoye
 No toill I will refuse,
 But wanting you, my life is death,
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

'Content thy self, my dearest love, 105
 Thy rest at home shall bee
 In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle,
 For travell fits not thee

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
 Soft peace their sexe delightes, 110
 [Not rugged campos, but countlye bowers,
 Gay feastes, not cruell fightes]

My Rose shall safely here abide,
 With musicke passe the daye,
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, 115
 My foes seeke far awaye

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
 Whilst I me in amour dighte;
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte 120

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.'

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh, 125
As though his heart would breake,
And Rosamonde, for very grieve,
Not one plaine word could speake

And at then parting well they mighte
In heart he grieved sore 130
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone,
With envious heart, queene Ellnor, 135
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knight,
In an unhappy house,
Who with his cluc of twined thread,
Came from this famous bowe 140

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette

But when the queene with stedfast eye 145
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her munde
At her exceeding grace

‘Cast off from thee those robes,’ she said,
 ‘That niche and costlye bee,’ 150
 And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
 Which I have brought to thee’

Then presently upon her knees
 Sweet Rosamonde did falle,
 And pardon of the queene she crav’d 155
 For her offences all

‘Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,’
 Faire Rosamonde did crye,
 ‘And lett mee not with poison stronge
 Enforced bee to dye. 160

I will renounce my sinfull life,
 And in some cloyster bide,
 Or else be banisht, if you please,
 To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done, 165
 Though I was forc’d theretoe,
 Preserve my life, and punish mee
 As you thinke meet to doe’

And with these words, her lillie handes
 She wrunge full often thoe,
 And downe along her lovely face 170
 Did trickle many a teare

But nothing could this furious queene
 Therewith appeased bee,
 The cup of deadlye poyson stronge, 175
 As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke,
 Who tooke it in her hand,
 And from her bended knée arose,
 And on her feet did stand 180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 Shee did for mercye calle,
 And drinke up the poison stronge,
 Her life she lost withalle

And when that death through everye limbe
 Had showde its greatest spite, 185
 Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
 Shee was a glorious wight

Her body then they did entomb,
 When life was fled away,
 At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
 As may be seene this day 190

VIII

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION

'Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poitou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels, but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy it happened accordingly Eleanor, who had dis-

gusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she sputted up to rebel against him, and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John. See Hume's Hist 4to Vol I pp 260, 307 Speed, Stow, &c

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous, whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second

QUEENE Ehanor was a sicke woman,
And afraid that she should dye
Then she sent for two fryars of Fiance
To speke with her speedilye

The king calld downe his nobles all, 5
By one, by two, by three,
'Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee'

'A boone, a boone,' quoth earl marshall.
And fell on his bended knee, 10
'That whatsoever queene Ehanor saye,
No harme therof may bee'

'Ile pawne my landes,' the king then cryd,
'My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere queen Ehanor sayes 15
No harme thereof shall fall

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another,
And we will to queen Ehanor goe
Like fryar and his brother.' 20

Thus both attuned then they goe
 When they came to Whitehall,
 The bells did ring, and the quarristers sing,
 And the torches did lighte them all

When that they came before the queene 25
 They fell on their bended knee,
 'A boone, & boone, our gracious queene,
 That you sent so hastilee.'

'Are you two fryars of France,' she sayd,
 'As I suppose you bee?' 30
 But if you are two Englishe fryars,
 You shall hang on the gallowes tree'

'We are two fryars of France,' they sayd,
 'As you suppose we bee,
 We have not been at any masse 35
 Sith we came from the sea'

'The first vile thing that ever I did
 I will to you unfolde,
 Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
 Beneath this cloth of golde' 40

'Thats a vile sinne,' then sayd the king,
 'May God forgive it thee!'
 'Amen, amen,' quoth earl marshall,
 With a heavye heart spake hee

'The next vile thing that ever I did, 45
 To you Ile not denye,
 I made a boxe of poyson strong,
 To poison king Henrye.'

‘Thats a vile sinne,’ then sayd the king,
 ‘May God forgive it thee!’ 50
 ‘Amen, amen,’ quoth eail marshall,
 ‘And I wish it so may bee’

‘The next vile thing that ever I did,
 To you I will discover,
 I poysoned farr Rosamonde, 55
 All in farr Woodstocke bower’

‘Thats a vile sinne,’ then sayd the king,
 ‘May God forgive it thee!’
 ‘Amen, amen,’ quoth eail marshall,
 ‘And I wish it so may bee’ 60

‘Do you see yonders little boye,
 A tossing of the balle?
 That is eail marshalls eldest sonne,
 And I love him the best of all

Do you see yonders little boye, 65
 A catching of the balle?
 That is king Henries youngest sonne,
 And I love him the woist of all

His head is fashyon’d like a bull,
 His nose is like a boare’ 70
 ‘No matter for that,’ king Henrie cryd,
 ‘I love him the better therfore’

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
 And appeared all in redde

Ver 63, 67, She means that the eldest of these two was by the eail marshall,
 the youngest by the king

She shueked, and clyd, and wrung her hands, 75
And sayd she was betrayde

The king lookt over his left shouldeir,
And a grimme look looked hee,
'Eail marshall,' he sayd, 'but for my oathe,
O! hanged thou shouldst bee' 80

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK

This poem, subscribed M T [perhaps invertedly for T Marshall]¹ is preserved in 'The Paradise of Daintie Devises,' quoted above in page 113 — The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in 'An howies recreation in musicke, &c by Richard Ahson, Lond 1606, 4to' usually bound up with three or four sets of 'Madrigals set to music by Tho Weelkes, Lond 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to' One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fly

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cutchunele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry

Mr Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethemen of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composition

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain
The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke

¹ *Vid* Athen Oxon p 152, 316

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
 By yalping hounds at bay is set
 The swiftest bud, that flies about,
 Is caught at length in fowls net 10
 The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
 Is soon deceived by subtile hooke

Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will
 All things are bounden to obey,
 For all his wit and worthe skill, 15
 Doth fade at length, and fall away
 There is nothing but time doeth waste,
 The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
 Upon the throne of glorious fame 20
 Though spiteful death mans body kill,
 Yet hurts he not his vertuous name.
 By life or death what so betides,
 The state of vertue never slides

X.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL- GREEN ¹

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver 23, where the arms of England are called the 'Queenes armes,' but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on 'Mary Ambree' in this volume. The late Mr Guthrie assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this, which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old Beggar, that 'down his neck

¹ We need hardly remind our readers of Shalidan Knowles' play of the same title.—Ed

—— his reverend lockes
 In comelye curls did wave,
 And on his aged temples grewe
 The blossomes of the ^gayve'

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS compared with two ancient printed copies the concluding stanzas, which contain the old beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought Aug 4, 1265,) when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster

PART THE FIRST

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
 He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
 And many a gallant brave suter had shee,
 For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee

And though shee was of favor most faire, 5
 Yett seemg shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
 Of anyent housekeepers despised was shee,
 Whose sonnes came as sutois to pretty Bessee

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did
 'say,
 'Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10
 To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.'
 This suite then they granted to pretty Bessee

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
 All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
 From father and mother alone parted shee, 15
 Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow,
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe.
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee 20

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way,
Where at the Queenes aimes entertained was shee
Soe fane and wel favoured was pretty Bessee

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, 25
But master and mistres and all was her friend
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold, 30
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree,
Soe fane and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,
She shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye,
And at her commandment still wold they bee, 35
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe,
They craved her favor, but still she said 'noe,
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.'
Yett ever they honored pretty Bessee 40

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguise in the night
The second a gentlemann of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall.
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
 Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee

'And, if thou wilt marry with mee,' quoth the knight,
 'He make thee a ladye with joy and delight, 50
 My hart's so murthered by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for pretty Bessee'

The gentleman sayd, 'Come, marry with mee,
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee
 My life is distressed Q heare me, quoth hee, 55
 And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee'

'Let me bee thy husband,' the merchant cold say,
 'Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay,
 My shippes shall bring home rich Jewells for thee,
 And I will for ever love pretty Bessee' 60

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
 'My father and mother I meane to obey,
 First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
 And you shall enjoye you pretty Bessee'

To every one this answer shee made, 65
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
 'This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree,
 But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?'

'My father,' shee said, 'is soone to be seene.'
 The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene, 70
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of pretty Bessee

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
 He alwayes is led with a dogg and a ball:
 A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee, 75
 Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.'

'Nay then,' quoth the merchant, 'thou art not for mee
 'Nor,' quoth the innholder, 'my wiffe thou shalt bee
 'I lothe,' sayd the gentle, 'a beggars degree,
 And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!' 80

'Why then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
 I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
 Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.' 85
 'Nay soft,' quoth his kinsmen, 'it must not be soe;
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
 Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.'

But soone after this, by breake of the day
 The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away. 90
 The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
 Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
 And as the knight lighted most courteouslye, 95
 They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,
 Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
 This fray being ended, then straitway he see
 His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, 'Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.' 110
With that they replied, 'Contented bee wee.'
'Then here's,' quoth the beggar, 'for pretty Bessee.'

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angells full three thousand¹ pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine, 115
For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne;

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, 'Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.'
'Then marry,' quoth he, 'my girle to this knight;
And heere,' added hee, 'I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.'

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene, 125
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

¹ In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500L.

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
 And then made a ladye in others despite: 130
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The second fitt¹ shall set forth to your sight 135
 With marvellous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
 That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
 All the discourse therof you did see;
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee,

Within a gorgeous palace most brave, 5
 Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
 This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
 And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
 Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete; 10
 Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessec.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
 Soe that a great number therto did resort
 Of nobles and gentles in every degree; 15
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessee,

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
 His bride followed after, an angell most bright,

¹ See an Essay on the word Fit at the end of the Second Part.

With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene. 20

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done, 25
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, 'Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see.' 30
'My lords,' quoth the bride, 'my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.'

'The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness,' quoth they, 35
'Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye.'

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke,
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee. 40

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, 'Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile singe you a song of pretty Bessee.'

With that his lute he twanged straightway, 45
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;

And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicate.

'A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene: 50
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands
three,¹ 55
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree:
Therefore never flout att prettye Bessee.' 60

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were readye to swound;
Att last said the lords, 'Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.'

On this the bride all blushing did rise, 65
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
'O pardon my father,' grave nobles, 'quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.'

'If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may he be proud of this happy day; 70
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

¹ So the folio MS.

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee; 75
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.'

'Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 One song more to sing, and then I have done;
 And if that itt may not winn good report,
 Then doe not give me a groat for my sport. 80

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
 Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose, 85
 Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
 A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
 The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine; 90
 Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
 Was felde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight! 95
 A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
 And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee! 100

A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine, 105
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be
 slaine:

At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

And nowe lest oure foes our liues sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselues in beggars arraye ; 110
Her iewelless shee solde, and hither came wee:
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
 Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte:
 Full forty winters thus have I beene 115
 A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee.'

Now when the faire companye everye one, 121
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace, 125
Saying, 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.'

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
 A bridegroome most happy then was the young
 knighte,

130

In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee. * *

†† The word 'fit,' for 'part,' often occurs in our ancient ballads, and metrical romances: which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by fits, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his 'Art of English Poesie,' 1589, says, 'the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several fits, or times to be sung.' p. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, 'glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by them in the streete; or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne Minstrels, that give a *fit* of mirth for a groat, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorte.' p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, 'We ourselves, says this courtly¹ writer, have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [*i.e.* fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, Sir Bevy of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like.' p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

'When meate and drinke is great plentye,
 And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
 And sitt and solace lythe;²
 Then itt is time for mee to speake
 Of keene knightes, and kempes great,
 Such carping for to kythe.'

¹ He was one of Q. Elizabeth's² gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. *Yid. Ath. Ox.*—² Perhaps 'lythe.'

If we consider that a *groat* in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal Green, in two parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding Ballad, v. 37, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a *groat* for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth. Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine *fitts*, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word *fit*; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts, (answering to *Passus* in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase, (Vol. I. p. 6,) the first Part ends with this line,

‘The first fit here I fynde:’

i.e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also Vol. I. p. 20.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See Vol. I. pp. 124, 131.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer; who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

‘Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;
If ye woll any more of it,
To tell it woll I fonde’

The word *fit* indeed appears originally to have signified a Poetic Strain, Verse, or Poem; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus K. Ælfred in his Boetius, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, *Dære pyroom tha thaƿ fittc arunjen hæƿe*, p. 65, i.e. ‘When wisdom had sung these [Fitts] verses.’ And in the Poem to the same book *Fon on fittc*, ‘Put into [fitt] verse.’ So in Cedmon, p. 45. *Feonon on fittc*, seems to mean ‘composed a song,’ or ‘poem.’ The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of Chaucer. See Gloss.

Spencer has used the word *fit* to denote ‘a strain of music:’ see his poem, intitled, ‘Collin Clout’s come home again,’ where he says,

‘The Shepherd of the ocean [Sir Walt. Raleigh]
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit
And when he heard the music which I made
He found himself full greatlye pleas’d at it;’ &c.

It is also used in the old Ballad of K. Estmere, Vol. I. p. 58, v. 243.

From being applied to Music, this word was easily transferred to Dancing; thus in the old play of *Lusty Jovientus* (described in p. 93.), Juventus says,

‘By the masse I would fayne go daunce a Fitta.’

And from being used as a Part or Division in a Ballad, Poem, &c. it is applied

by Bale to a Section or Chapter in a Book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm (for thus he intitles two Chapters of his *English Notaries*, pt. 2d. viz — fol. 49, ‘The fyrst Fytt of Anselme with Kyng Wyllyam Rufus.’ — fol. 50, ‘An other Fytt of Anselme with kyng Wyllyam Rufus.’

 XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its ‘excellencie and wit,’ in Puttenham’s ‘Arte of Eng. Poesie,’¹ and found entire in the ‘Garland of Good-will.’ A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the ‘Paradise of Daintie Devises.’ One of these is intitled, ‘The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie’ The only lines in it worth notice are these,

A crowne of baies shall that man [beare]
 Who triumphs over me,
 For black and tawnie will I weare,
 Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall’s Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon died, Jan. 8, 1536; ‘Queen Anne [Bullen] ware yellowe for the mourning’ And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, ‘on the ascension day following, the kyng for mourning ware whyte.’ Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the XVIIth eaul of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole’s ‘Noble Authors’ Athen Oxon. &c.²

‘COME hither shepherd’s swayne:’

‘Sir, what do you require?’

‘I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.’

‘My name is Fond Desire.’

‘When wert thou borne, Desire?’

5

‘In pompe and pryme of May.’

‘By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?’

‘By fond Conceit men say.’

¹ Lond. 1589, p. 172.—² He sate Great Chamberlain of England on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and distinguished himself at the time of the Armada, by fitting out ships at his private cost.—ED

‘Tell me, who was thy nurse?’
 ‘Fresh Youth in-sugred joy.’ 10
 ‘What was thy meate and dayly foode?’
 ‘Sad sighes and great annoy.’

‘What hadst thou then to drinke?’
 ‘Unsavoury lovers teares.’
 ‘What cradle wert thou rocked in?’ 15
 ‘In hope devoyde of feares.’

‘What lulld thee then asleepe?’
 ‘Sweete speech, which likes me best.’
 ‘Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?’
 ‘In gentle hartes I rest.’ 20

‘What thing doth please thee most?’
 ‘To gaze on beautye stille.’
 ‘Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?’
 ‘Disdayn of my good wille.’

‘Doth companie displease?’ 25
 ‘Yes, surelye, many one,’
 ‘Where doth Desire delighte to live?’
 ‘He loves to live alone.’

‘Doth either tyme or age
 Bring him unto decaye?’ 30
 ‘No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
 Ten thousand times a daye.’

‘Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
 Thou art no mate for mee;
 I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle 35
 With such a one as thee.’

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's *Peerage*; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I. 4to. p. 22.

'The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey¹ and his family at this time [A.D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas² and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the *Bark of Scotland*.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames [Aug. 2, 1511.]

This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: tho' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves. This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

¹ Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.—² Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time. He was father of the poetical E. of Surrey.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history : to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before ‘but two ships of war.’ Now the *Great Harry* had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504 : which ‘was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants.’ *Hume*.

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor’s folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad, the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection) as also by conjecture.

THE FIRST PART.

[WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
 And Neptune with his daintye showers
 Came to present the monthe of Maye;]¹
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5
 Over the river of Thames past hee;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

‘O yee are welcome, rich merchants;
 Good saylors, welcome unto mee.’ 10
 They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
 But rich merchants they could not bee:
 ‘To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
 And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15
 Who robbs us of our merchant ware.’

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,

Ver. 15, 83, robber, MS.

¹ From the pr. copy.

I thought he had not beene in the world,
 Durst have wrought England such unright.' 20
 The merchants sighed, and said, alas!
 And thus they did their answer frame,
 'He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
 And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.'

The king lookt over his left shouldèr, 25
 And an angrye look then looked hee:
 'Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
 Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?'
 'Yea, that dare I;' lord Howard sayes;
 'Yea, that dare I with heart and hand; 30
 If it please your grace to give me leave,
 Myselfe wil be the only man.'

'Thou art but yong;' the kyng replied:
 'Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.'
 'Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail, 35
 Or before my prince I will never appeare.'
 'Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
 And chuse them over my realme so free;
 Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
 To guide the great shipp on the sea.' 40

The first man, that lord Howard chose,
 Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
 Though he was threescore yeeres and ten:
 Good Peter Simon was his name.
 'Peter,' sais hee, 'I must to the sea, 45
 To bring home a traytor live or dead:
 Before all others I have chosen thee;
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

'If you, my lord, have chosen mee
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head, 50
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread.¹
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,
 Whose active hands had gained fame.²
 In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne, 55
 And William Horseley was his name.³

'Horseley,' sayd he, 'I must with speede
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60
 'If you,' quoth hee, 'have chosen mee
 Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
 On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,
 If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.'

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
 This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
 And days he scant had sayled three,
 Upon the [voyage], he tooke in hand, 70
 But there he mett with a noble shipp,
 And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

'Thou must tell me,' lord Howard said,
 'Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
 And shewe me where thy dwelling is: 75
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.'

Ver. 70, Journey, MS.

¹ An old Eng. word for Breadth.—² Pr. copy.—³ Mr. Lambe, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. *Vid.* p. 5.

‘My name is Henry Hunt,’ quoth hee
 With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
 ‘I and my shipp doe both belong
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.’ 80

‘Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henry Hunt,
 As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
 Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
 Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knight?’
 Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas! 85
 With a grievied mind, and well away!
 ‘But over-well I knowe that wight,
 I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90
 To his hach-borde he clasped me,
 And robd me of all my merchant ware:
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
 And every man will have his owne;
 And I am nowe to London bounde, 95
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.’

‘That shall not need,’ lord Howard sais;
 ‘Lett me but once that robber see,
 For every penny tane thee froe
 It shall be doubled shillings three.’ 100
 ‘Nowe God forefend,’ the merchant said,
 ‘That thou shold seek soe far amisse!
 God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
 Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without, 105
 With beames on his topcastle stronge;

Ver. 91, The MS. has here Archbqrde, but in Pt. II. ver. 5. Hachebord.

And eighteen pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side along:
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
 St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide; 110
 His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and herbut one;
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
 He wold overcome them everye one, 115
 If once his beames they doe downe fall.¹
 'This is cold comfort,' saies my lord,
 'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:
 Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
 Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee.' 120

'Then a noble gunner you must have,
 And he must aim well with his ee,
 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
 Or else hee never orecome will bee:
 And if you chance his shipp to borde, 125
 This counsel I must give withall,
 Let no man to his topcastle goe
 To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
 I pray your honour lend to mee, 130

¹ It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the masts, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked Triemes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, Lib. 7, p. 256, Ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Schefferi de Militiâ Navali, Lib. 2, cap, 5, p. 136, Ed. 1653, 4to. *N.B.* It every where in the MS. seems to be written 'Beanes.'

On each side of my shipp along,
 And I will lead you on the sea.
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
 Whether you sayle by day or night;
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the
 clocke 135
 You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton,
 knight.'

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
 Soe well apparent in his sight,
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.
 His hachebord it was [gilt] with gold, 5
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
 'Nowe by my faith,' lord Howarde sais,
 'This is a gallant sight to see.'

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
 So close that no man may them see; 10
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,
 As merchants use to sayle the sea.'
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast;¹
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
 'What English churles are yonder,' he sayd, 15
 'That can soe litle curtesye?'

Now, by the roode, three yeares and more
 I have beene admirall over the sea;
 And never an English nor Portingall
 Without my leave can passe this way.' 20

Ver. 5, 'hached with gold,' MS.

¹ i.e. did not salute.

Then called he forth his stout pinnace;
 'Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee;
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
 Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25
 Full well lord Howard might it ken;
 For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
 And killed fourteen of his men.
 'Come hither, Simon,' sayes my lord,
 'Looke that thy word be true, thou said; 30
 For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.'

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold,
 His ordinance he laid right lowe;
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35
 With other great shott lesse, and moe;
 And he lette goe his great gunnes shott;
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
 The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
 He see his pinnace sunke in the sea. 40

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
 'Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell.'
 When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 45
 Within his heart hee was full faine:
 'Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
 Sound all your trumpetts out amaine.'

'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrewe sais,
 'Weale howsoever this geere will sway; 50

Ver. 35, *i.e.* discharged chain-shot.

Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'
 Simon had a sonne, who shot right well,
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare :
 In att his decke he gave a shòtt, 55
 Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
 Came bravely on the other side,
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourscore men beside. 60
 'Nowe, out alas!' Sir Andrewe cryed,
 'What may a man now thinke, or say?
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65
 That aye wast readye att my call;
 I will give thee three hundred markes,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.'
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
 'Horseley, see thou be true in stead; 70
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.'

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
 He swarved it with might and maine;
 But Horseley with a bearing arrowe, 75
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
 And he fell unto the haches again,
 And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed :
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
 How that the Gordon hee was dead. 80

Ver. 67, 84, pounds, MS.—Ver. 75, bearinge, sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss. vol. I.

'Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
 Thou art my only sisters sonne,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.'
 With that he swarved the maine-mast tree, 85
 He swarved it with nimble art;
 But Horseley with a broad arròwe
 Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
 That with his blood did streame amaine: 90
 Then every Scott cryed, 'Well-away!
 Alas a comelye youth is slaine!'

All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
 With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
 'Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe, 95
 For I will to the topcastle mysell.

Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe;
 That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
 God be with my brother John of Barton!
 Against the Portingalls hee it ware; 100
 And when he had on this armour of prooffe,
 He was a gallant sight to see:
 Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
 My deere brothèr, could cope with thee.'

'Come hither Horseley,' sayes my lord, 105
 'And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.'
 'Ile shoot my best,' quoth Horseley then,
 'Your honour shall see, with might and
 maine; 110

But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have new left but arrowes twaine.'

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt, 115
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

'Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
A little I me hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe. -
Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sayes, 125
'And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
Untill you heare my whistle blowe.'

They never heard his whistle blow,—
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread: 130
Then Horseley sayd, 'Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.'
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found, 135
The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;
'I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.' 140

He caused his body to be cast
 Over the hatchbord into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred crownes :
 'Wherever thou land this will bury thee.'

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 145
 And backe he sayled ore the maine,
 With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.
 Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
 And sealed it with seale and ring; 150
 'Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
 As never did subject to a king,

Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
 A braver shipp was never none:
 Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warr, 155
 Before in England was but one.'
 King Henryes grace with royall cheere
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,
 'And where,' said he, 'is this rover stout,
 That I myselfe may give the doome?' 160

'The rover, he is safe, my leige,
 Full many a fadom in the sea;
 If he were alive as he is dead,
 I must have left England many a day:
 And your grace may thank four men i' the ship 165
 For the victory wee have wonne,
 These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
 And Peter Simon, and his sonne.'

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
 'In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170

A noble a day now thou shalt have,
 Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
 And, Horseley, thou shalt be a knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have store;
 Howard shall be erle Surrye light, 175
 As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
 And the men shall have five hundred markes
 For the good service they have done.' 180
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
 To see Sir Andrewe Barton, knight:
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,
 And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face, 185
 And eyes soe hollow in his head,
 'I wold give,' quoth the king, 'a thousand markes,
 This man were alive as he is dead:
 Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
 Which fought soe well with heart and hand, 190
 His men shall have twelvecence a day,
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.'

* *
 *

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should

be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself, which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's 'Miscellany'.¹

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!
 It grieved me sair to see thee weipe
 If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
 Thy manning maks my heart ful sad
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy, 5
 Thy father breides me great annoy
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
 It grieved me sair to see thee weepe

Whan he began to court my luvie,
 And with his sugred wordes² to muve, 10
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
 To me that time did not appeire
 But now I see, most cruell hee
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee
 Balow, &c. 15

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids nay, God forbid!
 Bot yett I feare, thou wilt gae nere 20
 Thy father's hart, and face to bene
 Balow, &c.

¹ She was daughter of a Bishop of Orkney, who also had the title of Lord Holyroodhouse. Her lover was Sir Alex. Eiskine, third son of John Earl of Marr. He is said to have perished at Dunglass Castle, Aug. 1640, and the lady died broken-hearted.—ED.—² When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty, and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) Sugar at present is cheap and common, and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luvng to thy father still
 Whan-en he gae, whan-en he ryde, 25
 My luv with him doth still abyde.
 In weil or wae, whan-en he gae,
 Mine hart can neue depart him frae
 Balow, &c.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;
 Be loyal to thy luvver tiew,
 And nevir change hir for a new
 If gude or fane, of hir have cae,
 Foi womens banning's wonderous sair 35
 Balow, &c.

Barne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine,
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve 40
 My babe and I ight saft will ly,
 And quite forget man's cruelty
 Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a womans mouth! 45
 I wish all maidens be warned by mee
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy,
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'll use us then they cae not how.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe, 50
 It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

XIV

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom, of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV. Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his twenty-first year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Rizzio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Queen dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlande!

For thou hast ever wrought by sleight,
The worthiest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5
And sealed itt with haite and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland withim,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere 10
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare

There was an Italyan in that place,
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
 Lord David was his name, 15
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee

If the king had risen foith of his place,
 He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
 And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
 Altho the kinge had beene present there 20

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
 And quanelled with him for the nonce;
 I shall you tell how it befell,
 Twelve daggers were in him att once

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine, 25
 For him her fane cheeks shee did weete,
 And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
 The king and shee wold not come in one sheete

Then some of the loids they waxed wrothe,
 And made their vow all vehementlye, 30
 For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
 The king himselfe, how he shall dye

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
 And layd greene rushes in his way;
 For the traitors thought that very night 35
 This worthy king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne,
 To take his rest was his desire,
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
 But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Ver 15, sc MS.

Up he lope, and the window briake,
 And hee had thirtye foote to fall,
 Lord Bodwell kept a pīvy watch,
 Underneath his castle wall

‘Who have wee here?’ lord Bodwell sayd 45
 ‘Now answer me, that I may know’
 ‘King Henry the eighth my uncle was, 7
 For his sweete sake some pittie show’

‘Who have we here?’ lord Bodwell sayd,
 ‘Now answer me when I doe speake’ 50
 ‘Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well,
 Some pittie on me I pray thee take’

‘He pittie thee as much,’ he sayd,
 ‘And as much favor show to thee,
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55
 That day thou deemedst him to die’¹

Through halls and towers the king they led,
 Through towers and castles that were nye,
 Through an arbor into an orchard,
 There on a peare-tree hanged him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard
 How that the worthy king was slaine,
 He persued the queen so bitterlye,
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine

But she is fledd into merry England, 65
 And here her residence hath taine,
 And through the queene of Englands grace,
 In England now shee doth remaine

¹ Pronounced after the northern manner dee.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q ELIZABETH

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie' a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz

'I find,' says this antiquated critic, 'none example in English metrie, so well maintaining this figure [*Erargasia*, or the Gorgious, Lat *Ecpolitio*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonically, which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtiful and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and described by a ladies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtiful, or rather bewtie of queenes¹. And this was the occasion our soveraigne lady perceivng how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie some of them desirous of innovation in the state others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and patience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie which afterwaerd fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in fauour of the said Sc Q declining from her Maestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the Realme by many evill and vndutiful practizes' (p 207.)

This sonnet was probably written in 1584, not long before Hen Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned on suspicion of plotting with F Throckmorton, Tho Lord Paget, and the Guises, for invading England, and liberating the Q of Scots, &c (See Collins's Peerage, 1779, II 405.) The original is written in long lines or alexandines, each of which is here, on account of the narrowness of the page, subdivided into two, but her majesty's orthography, or at least that of her copyist, is exactly followed.

In the first edition of Harrington's 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' 1st Vol 1769, 12mo p 58, is a copy of this poem, with great variations, the best of which are noted below. It is there accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be 'of her Highness own enditing. My Lady Wiltoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazard in so doing, for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evill bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time, and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing' ***

¹ She was at that time near three score

THE doubt of future foes,
 Exiles my present ioy,
 And wit me waries to shun such snares
 As threaten mine annoy

For falshood now doth flow, 5
 And subiect faith doth ebbe,
 Which would not be, if reason wul'd
 Or wisdom wou'd the webbe

But cloudes of tois vntued,
 Do cloake aspuring mindes, 10
 Which turne to raine of late repent,
 By course of changed windes

The toppe of hope supposed,
 The roote of ruth wil be,
 And fruitlesse all then graffed guiles, 15
 As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
 Which great ambition blinds,
 Shal be vnseeld by worthy wights,
 Whose foresight falshood finds 20

The daughter of debate,¹
 That eke discord doth sowe,
 Shal reap no game where former rule
 Hath taught stil peace to growe

No forerime bannisht wight 25
 Shall ancre in this port,

Ver 1, dead Harrington's Ed — Ver 6, subjects Har — Ver 7, should
 Har — Ver 8, wove Har — Ver 9, joys Har — Ver 11, raigue Puttenham
 — Ver 22, That discorde aye Har — Ver 23, forme Put

¹ See the Queen of Scots

Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort

Our rusty sworde with rest,
Shall first his edge employ, 30
To polle then toppes, that seeke such change,
And gape for [such like] 10y

†† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Putterham (p. 197) 'which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune'

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Vertues force can cause her to obey

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581, when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is intitled, 'A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an Englishman, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of *Milfield*, or els to *Green-sleeves*'. At the end is subjoined the name of the author 'W. Elderton' 'Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,' in black-letter, folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs' courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads,

Ver. 27, realme brookes no seditious Sects. Har.—Ver. 32, such like is supplied from Harrington's Ed. in which are other variations, that seem mere mistakes of the transcriber, or printer. *

and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys

*Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius situs est*

*Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie,
Dead as he is, he still is dry
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid*

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall]—Biogr. Brit. [Diary, by Oldys, Note B]
Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's
Poems, 8vo 1653

[Out alas!] what a griefe is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play then parts whatsoever ensue,
Forgetting what a grievous thing 5
It is to offend the anointed king!
Alas! for woe, why should it be so!
Thus makes a sorrowful heigh ho!

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be, 10
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to see
Yet that unluckie countie still,
Hath people given to craftie will
Alas! for woe, &c 15

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing
She cryed, and called piteoushe, 20
Now help, or els the king shall die!
Alas! for woe, &c

One Browne, that was an English man,
 And hard the ladies piteous cye,
 Out with his sword, and bestu'd him than, 25
 Out of the doores in haste to fle,
 But all the doores were made so fast,
 Out of the window he got at last.
 Alas! for woe, &c

He met the bishop coming fast, 30
 Having the posset in his hande
 The sight of Browne made him aghast,
 Who bad him stoutly staie and stand
 With him were two that ranne awa,
 For feare that Browne would make a fray 35
 Alas! for woe, &c.

'Bishop,' quoth Browne, 'what hast thou
 theric?
 Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he,
 But a posset to make the king good cheere'
 'Is it so?' sayd Browne, 'that will I see, 40
 First I will have thyself begin,
 Before thou go any further in,
 Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,'
 This makes a sorrowful heigh ho!

The bishop sayde, 'Browne, I doo know, 45
 Thou art a young man poore and bare,
 Livings on thee I will bestowe
 Let me go on, take thou no care'
 'No, no,' quoth Browne, 'I will not be
 A traitour for all Christiantie 50
 Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
 Drink now with a sorrowfull,' &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
 His belly burst and he fell downe
 A just rewarde for his traitory 55
 'This was a posset indeed,' quoth Brown'
 He seiched the bishop, and found the keyes,
 To come to the kinge when he did please,
 Alas! for woe, &c

As soon as the king got word of this, 60
 He humbly fell uppon his knee,
 And prayesd God that he did misse
 To tast of that extremity
 For that he did perceive and know,
 His cleigie would betray him so. 65
 Alas! for woe, &c.

'Alas!' he said, 'unhappie realme,
 My father, and grandfather slaine
 My mother banished, O exticame!
 Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne! 70
 And now like treason wrought for me,
 What more unhappie realme can be!
 Alas! for woe, &c

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
 And gave her twenty poundes a yeere, 75
 And trustie Browne too in like case,
 He knighted him with gallant geere;
 And gave him [lands and] livings great,
 For dooing such a manly feat,
 As he did showe, to the bishop's woe, 80
 Which made, &c

Ver 67, His futher was Henry Lord Darnley His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept 5, 1571.

When all this treason done and past,
 Tooke not effect of traytery,
 Another treason at the last,
 They sought against his majestie 85
 How they might make then kinge away,
 By a privie banket on a daye
 Alas! for woe, &c

[Another time] to sell the king
 Beyond the seas they had decreede 90
 Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
 And did prevent the same with speede
 For a letter came, with such a chaime,
 That they should doo their king no harme
 For further woe, if they did soe, 95
 Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe!

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
 'Take heede you do not offend the king,
 But shew yourselves like honest men
 Obediently in every thing 100
 For his godmother¹ will not see
 Her noble childe misus'd to be
 With any woe, for if it be so,
 She will make,' &c

God graunt all subjects may be true, 105
 In England, Scotland, every where
 That no such daunger may ensue,
 To put the prince or state in feare
 That God the highest king may see
 Obedience as it ought to be, 110
 In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so,
 To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho!

¹ Q Elizabeth

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

A SCOTTISH SONG

In December 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself, a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the 'Bonny Earl,' for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face. Murray half expiring, said, 'You has spilt a better face than your awin.' Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, 'You shall be as deep as I,' and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

K. James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Auth. vol. I. p. 42.

Ye highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh' quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay

5

¹ Bothwell in 'Old Mortality,' is described as springing from Francis Stewart.—Ed.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring, 10
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he might hae been a king

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the ba',
 And the bonny Earl of Murray 15
 Was the flower among them a'

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the gluve,
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Oh! he was the Queenes luv 20

Oh! lang will his lady
 Luke owie the castle downe,¹
 Eie she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum sounding throuw the towne

XVIII

YOUNG WATERS

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indirect partiality, which Q. Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the 'Bonny Earl of Murray;' and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh.

'The seventh of Febr'y, this yere, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunbrussel in Fyffe-shire, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this

¹ Castle downe here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Muray, quhum the Queene more rashely than wisely, some few days befoir had commendit in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following, inhibiteine the young Earle of Muray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being warderit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknesse for the same munther, was willing to abide a tyall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione, and was neither aut nor part in the murther.¹

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

ABOUT Yule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favoured man

The queen hukit owie the castle wa, 5
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw young Waters
Cum riding to the town

His footmen they did run befoir,
His horsemen rade behind, 10
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden girth'd his horse befoir
And siller shod behind,
The horse yong Waters rade upon 15
Was fleetier than the wind

But than spake a wylie loid,
Unto the queen said he,
'O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the company' 20

¹ This extract is copied from the Critical Review

‘I’ve sene loid, and I’ve sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than young Waters
Mine eyne did never see’

Out then spack the jealous king, 25
(And an angry man was he)
‘O, if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me’

‘You’ie neither laird nor loid,’ she says,
‘Bot the king that wears the crown, 30
Ther is not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down’

For a’ that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee,
Bot for the words which she had said 35
Young Waters he maun dee

They hae taen young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet,
They hae taen young Waters, and
Thiown him in dungeon deep 40

‘Aft I have ridden thro’ Stirling town
In the wind both and the west;
Bot I neir rade thro’ Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro’ Stirling town 45
In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro’ Stirling town
Neir to return again’

They hae taen to the heiding-hill¹
 His young son in his ciaddle,
 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,
 His horse both and his saddle

50

They hae taen to the heiding-hill,
 His lady fair to see
 And for the words the Queen had spoke,
 Young Waters he did dee

*55

XIX

MARY AMBREE

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English 'Gaunt,') Antwerp, Mechlin, &c See Stow's Annals, p 711 Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name See his 'Epicene,' first acted in 1609, Act 4, Sc 2 His 'Tale of a Tub,' Act 1 Sc 4 And his masque intitled 'The Fortunate Isles,' 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

'—Mary Ambree,
 (Who marched so free
 To the siege of Gaunt,
 And death could not daunt,
 As the ballad doth vaunt)
 Were a braver wight,' &c

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Act 5, sub finem
 — 'My large gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-fellow' —

It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (P 1, c 3, v 365), by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans

'A bold virago stout and tall
 As Joan of France, or English *Maid*

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, im-

¹ Heiding hill, i. e. heading [beheading] hill The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock

proved from the Editor's folio MS and by conjecture The full title is, 'The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass May Ambree, who in revenge of her lover's death did play her part most gallantly The tune is, The blind beggar, &c'

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not
daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was May Ambree

'When brave Sir John Major¹ was slaine in her sight, 5
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacheiouslie,
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the biavest, most seemelye to shawe, 10
A faine shurt of male² then slipped on shee,
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee stiait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee, 15
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band,
To wayte on her person came thousand and three
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree? 20

'My soldiers,' she saith, 'soe valiant and bold,
Nowe followe your captainē, whom you doe beholde,

¹ So MS Serjeant Major in PC —² A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as 'armed in a long Shurt of Mayl' (View of the State of Ireland)

Still foimost in battel myselfe will I bee '
Was not this a biave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out hei souldiers, and loude they did say, 25
'Soe well thou becomest this gallant aray,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree'

Shee cheered hei souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standaïd, with drum and with fife, 30
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

'Before I will see the woist of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free ' 35
Was not this a biave bonny lasse Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp hei souldiers in battaile aray,
Gamst three times theyr number by breake of the
daye;
Seven howers in skumish continued shee
Was not this a biave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree? 40

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott,
For one of her owne men a score killed shee
Was not this a biave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent, 45
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee 'slasht him in
three
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucie of hye,
 At length she was forced to make a ietye, 50
 Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
 As thinking close siege shee cold never abide,
 To beate down the walles they all did decree 55
 But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
 There daring then captaines to match any three
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree! 60

'Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
 To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
 Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee
 Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

'Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold, 65
 Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?'
 'A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
 Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee'

'No captaine of England, behold in your sight
 Two biests in my bosome, and therfore no knight 70
 Noe knight, sir, of England, nor captaine you see,
 But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree'

'But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
 Whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre?
 If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee, 75
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.'

The prince of Great Palma heard of her renowne,
 Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne,
 Hce wooed her and sured her his mistiess to bee,
 And offred rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
 'He nere sell my honou for purple nor pall
 A mayden of England, su, never will bee
 The whoie of a monaicke,' quoth Mary Ambree

Then to her owne countiy shee backe did retuine, 85
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scoine
 Theifore English captames of overy degice
 Sing forth the brave valouns of Mary Ambree.

XX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY

Peregrine Bertie, lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

'My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen he was a great master of the art military. I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace, and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the *Reptilia*, intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element, for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court' (Naunton)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601 — Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations,) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the Dedication to his version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field
 The most couragious officers 5
 Were English captains three,
 But the bravest man in battel
 Was brave lord Willoughbèy

The next was captain Norris,
 A valiant man was hee 10
 The other captain Turner,
 From field would never flee
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then, 15
 Upon the bloody shore.

'Stand to it noble pikemen,
 And look you round about
 And shoot you right you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out 20
 You musquet and calliver men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I'll be the foremost man in fight,'
 Says brave lord Willoughbèy

And then the bloody enemy 25
 They fiercely did assail,

And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail,
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see, 30
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew 35
That they could fight no more,
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get 40

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found,
And beating up their colours, 45
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'ards the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly, 50
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously,
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour 55
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
 'Come, let us march away,
 I fear we shall be spoiled all
 , If here we longer stay, 60
 For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
 With courage fierce and fell,
 He will not give one inch of way
 For all the devils in hell'

And then the fearful enemy 65
 Was quickly put to flight,
 Our men pursued courageously,
 And caught then forces quite;
 But at last they gave a shout,
 Which echoed through the sky, 70
 'God, and St George for England!'

The conquerers did cry
 This news was brought to England
 With all the speed might be,
 And soon our gracious queen was told 75
 Of this same victory
 'O! this is brave lord Willoughbey,
 My love that ever won,
 Of all the lords of honour
 'Tis he great deeds hath done' 80

To the souldiers that were maimed,
 And wounded in the fray,
 The queen allowed a pension
 Of fifteen pence a day;
 And from all costs and charges 85
 She quit and set them free
 And this she did all for the sake
 Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
 And never be dismay'd, 90
 If that we be but one to ten,
 We will not be afraid
 To fight with foreign enemies,
 And set our nation free
 And thus I end the bloody bout 95
 Of brave lord Willoughby

XXI

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from 'Cupid and Death, a masque by J S [James Shirley] presented Mar 26, 1633 London printed 1633,' 4to

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are,
 Though you binde in every shore,
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day, 5
 Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls yee to the cloud of common men

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
 Each able to undo mankind, 10
 Death's servile emissaries are
 Not to these alone confin'd,
 He hath at will
 More quaint and subtle wayes to kill,
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart

XXII

THE WINNING OF CALES

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity the town was carried, sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a lord of the North country,
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three

The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS and seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fire and sword,
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their
drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good,
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood,
Dub a dub, &c

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
 Biaver ships never were seen under sayle,
 With then fan colours spread, and streamers ore their
 head,
 Now blagging Spaniards, take heed of your fayle 15
 Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
 Where the kinges navy securelye did lyde,
 Being upon their backs, piercing then butts of
 sacks,
 Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde 20
 Dub a dub, &c

Great was the crying, the running and yding,
 Which at that season was made in that place,
 The beacons were fyred, as need then requied,
 To hyde then great treasure they had little space 25
 Dub a dub, &c

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred
 fast,
 And how their men drowned themselves in the
 sea,
 There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep
 piteously,
 When they saw no shift to scape thence away 30
 Dub a dub, &c

The great St Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea,
 But the St Andrew, and eke the St Matthew,
 Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away 35
 Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
 With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the
 town,
 The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alaimed,
 Did fly for then savegard, and durst not come down 40
 Dub a dub, &c

'Now,' quoth the noble Earl, 'courage my soldiers all,
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have,
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small,
 But looke that the women and children you save' 45
 Dub a dub, &c

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne,
 Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
 With English colours which purchas'd renowne 50
 Dub a dub, &c

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
 For gold and treasure we searched eche day,
 In some places we did find pyes baking left behind,
 Meate at fire roasting, and folkes run away 55
 Dub a dub, &c

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,
 Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre,
 Which soldiers measur'd out by the length of their
 swords,
 Of all commodities eche had a share. 60
 Dub a dub, &c

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
 March'd to the market-place, where he did stand

There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
 Many crav'd mercey, and mercey they fann'd 65
 Dub a dub, &c

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
 And would not ransome then towne as they said,
 With then faw wanscots, then presses and bedsteds,
 Then joint-stools and tables a fire we made, 70
 And when the town burned all in a flame,
 With tana, tantana, away wee all came

XXIII

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth, and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad, who married Margueret daughter of Charles, Earl of Nottingham, and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.¹

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she wooed an English man?
 Garments gay as rich as may be
 Decked with jewels she had on

¹ There are several other candidates for the honour of being the hero of this ballad, such as Sir Urian Legh of Adlington, &c., but John Bolle of Thorpe-hall, Lincolnshire, who was presented by the Spanish lady with a golden chain, still preserved in the family, and whose house was said to have been haunted afterwards by her ghost, was probably the person.—ED

Of a comely countenance and grace was she, 5
And by birth and parentage of high degree

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye,
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye 10
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With then jewels still adorned, 15
None to do them injury
Then said this lady mild, 'Full woe is me,
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress, 20
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heaviness
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee'

'How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee
Serpents be where flowers grow'
'All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous
knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light' 30

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground,

If our foes you may be termed,
 Gentle foes we have you found:
 With our city, you have won our hearts eche one, 35
 Then to your countie bear away, that is your owne'

'Rest you still, most gallant lady,
 Rest you still, and weep no more;
 Of fau lovers there is plenty,
 Spain doth yield a wonderous store' 40
 'Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
 But Englishmen through all the world are counted
 kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 You alone enjoy my heart,
 'I am lovely, young, and tender, 45
 Love is likewise my desert
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest,
 The wife of every Englishman is counted blest'

'It wold be a shame, fau lady,
 For to bear a woman hence; 50
 English soldiers never carry
 Any such without offence'
 'I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go

'I have neither gold nor silver 55
 To maintaine thee in this case,
 And to travel is great charges,
 As you know in every place'
 'My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,
 And eke five hundred¹ pounds in gold that lies
 unknown.' 60

¹ So the MS 10,000 PC.

'On the seas are many dangers,
 Many storms do there arise,
 Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
 And force tears from watery eyes '
 'Well in toth I shall endure extremity, 65
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee '

'Counteous ladye, leave this fancy,
 Here comes all that breeds the strife,
 I in England have already
 A sweet woman to my wife 70
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
 Noi yet for all the fauest dames that live in Spain

'O! how happy is that woman
 That enjoys so true a friend!
 ' Many happy days God send her, 75
 Of my suit I make an end.
 On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
 Which did from love and true affection first com-
 mence

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
 Bear to her this chain of gold, 80
 And these bracelets for a token,
 Gueving that I was so bold
 All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me

I will spend my days in prayer, 85
 Love and all her laws defye;
 In a nunnery will I shroud mee
 Far from any companye

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!⁹⁵
'The like fall ever to thy shame, most fair ladie'

XXIV

ARGENTILE AND CURAN

—Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII Books, intitled, 'Albion's England, by William Warner' 'An author (says a former editor,) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit In some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan] A tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with' [*Muses Library*, 1738 8vo] To his merit nothing can be objected unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indehency in some of his pastoral images

Warner is said, by A Wood,¹ to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalene-hall as also in the latter part of his life to have been returned in the service of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained by the following extract from the parish register book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire, which was obligingly communicated to the Editor by Mr Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c

[1608—1609] 'Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation, by his profession an Attuorne of the Common Pleas, author of Albions England, dyenge suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on thursday night beeing the 9th daye of March, was buried the saturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Ffader' Signed Tho Hassall Vicarius

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age² But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose *Metamorphosis* he seems to

¹ *Athen Oxon* —² *Ibid*

have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the *aria* of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond

‘ With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed double red
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled ’

The edition of ‘ Albion’s England ’ here followed was printed in 4to, 1602, and in the title-page to have been ‘ first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author ’ The story of ‘ Argentile and Curan ’ is, I believe, the poet’s own invention, it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was, however, so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, ‘ The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c by William Webster, London 1617,’ in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem — This episode of Warner’s has also been altered into the common Ballad, ‘ of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain,’ which is chiefly composed of Warner’s lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 1727, 3 vols, 12mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner’s metrie is the old-fashioned alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses

THE Britons [being] departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in divers bioyles
The Saxons lost and wonne

King Edel and king Adelbright 5
In Duia jointly raigne,
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes, 10
‘ By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies,

By our by-parted crowne, of which
 The moyetic is mine,
 By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15
 And so in time may thine,

I pray thee, nay I cõjune thee,
 To nourish, as thine owne,
 Thy niece, my daughter Argentele,
 Till she to age be growne, 20
 And then, as thou receivest it,
 Resigne to her my throne'

A promise had for his bequest,
 The testatõr he dies,
 But all that Edel undertooke, 25
 He afterwards denies

Yet well he [fosters for] a time
 The damsell, that was growne
 The fairest lady under heaven,
 Whose beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes seeke her love,
 But none might her obtaine,
 For gippell Edel to himselfe
 Her kingdome sought to gaine,
 And for that cause from sight of such 35
 He did his ward restraine

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
 A prince in Danske, did see
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,
 As much as man might bee 40

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
 His saint was kept an mowé,

Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe

One while in melancholy fits 45
He pines himselfe awaye,
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay 50
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbated him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death 55
She might become his judge

Accesse so had to see and speak,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth her answer was,
She husbandles would stay 60

Meane while the king did beate his braimes,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive,
At last his resolution was 65
Some pessant should her wive

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye ¹ 70

¹ The construction is, 'How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan,' i.e. escaped from him, being off his guard.

The king, perceiving such his veme,
 Promotes his vassal still,
 Lest that the basenesse of the man
 Should lett, perhaps, his will

Assured therefore of his love,
 But not suspecting who
 The lover was, the king himselfe
 In his behalf did woe

75

The lady resolute from love,
 Unkindly takes that he
 Should barie the noble, and unto
 So base a match agree

80

And therefore shifting out of doores,
 Departed thence by stealth,
 Preferring povertie before
 A dangerous life in wealth

85

When Curan heard of her escape,
 The anguish in his hart
 Was more than much, and after her
 From court he did depart,

90

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
 His country, friends, and all,
 And only minding (whom he mist)
 The foundresse of his thrall

Nor meanes he after to frequent
 Or court, or stately townes,
 But solitarly to live
 Amongst the country grownes

95

A brace of years he lived thus,
 Well pleased so to live, 100
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
 Himselfe did wholly give,

So wasting love, by worke, and want,
 Grew almost to the waine
 But then began a second love, 105
 The worsser of the twaine

A country wench, a neathcids maid,
 Where Cuan kept his sheepe,
 Did feed her drove and now on her
 Was all the shepherds keepe. 110

He borrowed on the working daies
 His holy russets oft,
 And of the bacon's fat, to make
 His statotps blacke and soft

And least his tarbox should offend, 115
 He left it at the folde
 Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
 As much as it might holde

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
 And cheese as white as snow, 120
 And wildings, or the seasons fruit
 He did in scrip bestow

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
 And sheep-hooke lay him by,
 On hollow quilles of oten stiaw 125
 He piped melody

But when he spyed her his ^{sant},
 He wip'd his greasie shooes,
 And clear'd the diucl from his beard,
 And thus the shepheard wooes 130

'I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
 As good as tooth may chawe,
 And bread and wildings souling well,'
 (And therewithall did diawe

His lardie) 'and in [yeanning] see 135
 Yon crumpling ewe,' quoth he,
 'Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
 If I might tup with thee

Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
 Too elvish and too coy 140
 Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
 That such a flocke enjoy?

I wis I am not yet that thou
 Doest hold me in disdame
 Is bumme abroad, and made a gybe 145
 To all that keepe this plaine

There be as quant (at least that thinke
 Themselves as quant) that craue
 The match, that thou, I wot not why,
 Maist, but mishik'st to have 150

How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,
 Thou art a female) I,
 Hei know not here that willingly
 With maiden-head would die

The plowmans labour hath no end, 155
 And he a churle will prove
 The craftsman hath more woike in hand
 Then fitteth unto love.

The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
 Suspects his wife at home 160
 A youth will play the wanton, and
 An old man prove a mome

Then chuse a shepheard with the sun
 He doth his flocke unfold,
 And all the day on hill or plaine 165
 He menne chat can hold,

And with the sun doth folde agame,
 Then jogging home betime,
 He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,
 Or sings some merry ryme 170

Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
 The nut-brown bowl doth trot,
 And sitteth singing care away,
 Till he to bed be got

Theare sleepes he soundly all the night, 175
 Forgetting morrow-cares
 Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
 Nor uttering of his wares,

Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
 Or cracke of credit lost 180

Ver 169, 22 roasts a crab or apple — Ver. 171, to tell, whilst round the
 bole doth trot Ed 1597.

Not spending frankler than his flocke
 Shall still defray the cost

Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
 More quiet nights and daies
 The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he 185
 Whose cattel he doth graize

Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
 A man, and so am I
 Content is worth a monarchie,
 And mischiefs hit the hie, 190

As late it did a king and his
 Not dwelling far from hence,
 Who left a daughter, save thyselſe,
 For fau a matchless wench '—
 Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195
 Had done his heart offence

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
 Did egge him on to toll
 How faure she was, and who she was
 'She bore,' quoth he, 'the bell 200

For beautie though I clownish am,
 I know what beautie is,
 Or did I not, at seeing thee,
 I senceles were to mis
 * * * * *

Her stature comely, tall, her gate 205
 Well graced, and her wit
 To marvell at, not meddle with,
 As matchless I omit.

A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
 A forehead smooth, and hie, 210
 An even nose, on either side
 Did shine a grayish eie

Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
 White just-set teeth within,
 A mouth in meane, and underneath 215
 A round and dimpled chin

Her snowie necke, with blewish venes,
 Stood bolt upright upon
 Her portly shoulders beating balles
 Her veined breasts, anon 220

Adde more to beautie Wand-like was,
 Her middle falling still,
 And rising whereas women rise · * * *
 —Imagine nothing ill

And more, her long, and limber armes 225
 Had white and azue wrists,
 And slender fingers answere to
 Her smooth and lillie fists.

A legge in print, a pretie foot,
 Conjecture of the rest 230
 For amorous eies, observing forme,
 Think parts obscured best

With these, O raretie! with these
 Her tong of speech was spare,
 But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake, 235
 The balles from Ide to bear.

With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
 Herselfe contends in face,
 Wheare equall mixture did not want
 Of milde and statly gracie 240

Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
 Were chearefull unto all
 Even such as neither wanton seeme,
 Nor warward, mell, nor gall

A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245
 And not disdainning any,
 Not gybing, gadding, gawdy and
 Sweete faculties had many

A nymph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
 Might praise, might wish, might see, 250
 For life, for love, for forme, more good,
 More worth, more faire than shee

Yea such an one, as such was none,
 Save only she was such
 Of Argente to say the most, 255
 Were to be silent much.'

'I knew the lady very well,
 But worthles of such praise,'
 The neatresse said 'and muse I do,
 A shepheard thus should blaze 260
 The [coate] of beautie¹ Credit me,
 Thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a comed shew
 But wherefore dost thou weepe?

¹ i.e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed 1597. 1602. 1612. read Coote

The shepheard wept, and she was woe, 265
And both doe silence keepe

‘In troth, quoth he, ‘I am not such,
As seeming I professe
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from myselfe digresse 270

Her loved I (wretch that I am
A recreant to be)
I loved her, that hated love,
But now I die for thee

At Kirkland is my fathers court, 275
And Curan is my name,
In Edels couit sometimes in pompe,
Till love countould the same

But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
What ailest thou to weepe?’ 280
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe

‘I graunt,’ quoth she, ‘it was too much
That you did love so much.
But whom your former could not move, 285
Your second love doth touch

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee, 290
In passion not in person chang’d,
And I, my lord, am she.’

They sweetly suffering in joy,
 And silent for a space,
 When as the extasie had end, 225
 Did tenderly embrace,
 And for their wedding, and their wish
 Got fitting time and place

Not England (for of Hengist then
 Was named so this land) 300
 Then Curan had an hardier knight,
 His force could none withstand
 Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
 Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305
 In Argente her right,
 He wait'd in Duna,¹ and he wonne
 Beinnia¹ too in sight

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
 At once his life and crowne, 310
 And of Northumberland was king,
 Long reigning in renowne.

¹ During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz Deira (called here Duna) which contained the southern parts, and Beinnia, comprehending those which lay north

XXV.

CORIN'S FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient, these are extracted from a small quarto MS in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Q Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,
 Whither wilt thou diue thy flocke?
 Little foode is on the plaine,
 Full of danger is the rocke

Wolfes and beaues doe kepe the woodes, 5
 Forests tangled are with biakes
 • Meadowes subject are to floodes,
 Moores are full of my lakes

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
 Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10
 Hunger will as surely kill
 How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate
 Since my waywarde love begunne,
 Equall doubts begett debate 15
 What to seeke, and what to shunne

Spare to speke, and spare to speed,
 Yet to speke will move disdain
 If I see her not I bleed,
 Yet her sight augments my pame 20

What may then poor Corin doe?
 Tell me, shepheides, quickly tell,
 For to linger thus in woe
 Is the lover's sharpest hell.

* *
 *

XXVI.

JANE SHORE

Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens, the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

'Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of two or three thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberleyn to destroy him. In conclusion when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd hemously to her charge the thing that he selfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, cleane and faultless of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the crose in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly, and albeit she was out of al away save her kirtle only, yet went she so fan and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied ther more her penance then rejoiced therein, when ther considered that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.

'This woman was born in London, worshipfully fiended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone, her husbände an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she was wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king's appetite, when he requered her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her¹ which in the

¹ After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, Oct. 22, 1483,

lunge daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain friendly faithfulness

‘ Proper she was, and faire nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you wold have wished her somewhat higher Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe Albeit some that *now see her (for yet she liveth)* deme her never to have bene wel visaged Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel house, for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin, and hard bone And yet being even such, whoso wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face

‘ Yet delighted not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write, mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable, sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled One the meriest, another the wisest, the thurd the holdest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it were to his bed The other two wer somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilitie content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties, but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special plesure For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to bele the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief Where the king toke displeasure, she wold mitigate and appease his munde where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon of great forfeitures she gave men remission and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede, either for none or very small rewairde, and thos rather gay than rich either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delighted to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous

‘ I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteeme her only by that thei now see her But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembered, in how much she is now in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grette favour with the prince, after as grette sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to speede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famousse only by the infamy of their ill dedes Her doenges were not much lesse, albeit thei be much lesse remembered because thei were not so evil For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us

wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking ‘ Thomas late marquis of Dorset,’ who, ‘ not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnablely debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore’ Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended *Vide Rym Fæd* tom xy pag 204

a good toime, we write it in duste¹ Which is not woist proved by hei, for at this daye shee beggeth of many at this daye living, tht at this day had begged, if shee had not bene² See More's workes, folio, bl let 1557, pp 56, 57

Dryton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait 'Her stature wiseneane, her hane of a daik yellow, her face round und full, her eye gray, delicate haimony being betwixt each part's propotion, und eck propotion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheeifull and like to her condition The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mitle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaue, on which her naked arin did lie What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne but Shore a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine Richard III causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, *commanded that no man should relieve her*, which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly' See 'England's Heroical Epistles, by Mich Dryton, Esq,' Lond 1637, 12mo

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton, and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cambridge to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV A small quarto mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber

[The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of K. Richard III which is preserved in the Harl MSS Num 483, Ait 2878, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c It is said to have been addressed to Russel bp of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484

By the KING

'Right Reverend Father in God, &c signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Seivant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of Wilham Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to effect the same We, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed, pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and steu him to the contrary And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London, that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, commit-

¹ These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection in Hen viij Act 4, Sc II

'Men's evil manners live in brass their virtues
We write in water'

Shakesp in his play of Rich. III follows More's Hist of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage

tung her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season Given, &c 'RIC Rex'

It appears from two articles in the same MS that K Richard had granted to the said Thomas Lincolne the office of King's Solicitor (Art 134), and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com Bedf to him and his Heirs Male (Art 596) Add Note, Ed 1794]

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection Its full title is, 'The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV his concubine To the tune of *Live with me*, &c' [See the first volume] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen.

'Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end'

If Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright 5
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd

My parents they, for thirst of game,
A husband for me did obtaine, 10
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent, 15
Which makes my soul for to lament

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde. 20

I spied my plumes, as wantons doe,
 Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
 Because chaste love I did not finde
 Agreeing to my wanton munde.

At last my name in court did ring 25
 Into the eares of Englandes king,
 Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
 But I made coye what he desir'd

Yet Mistresse Blague, a neighbour neare,
 Whose friendship I esteemed deare, 30
 Did say, 'It was a gallant thing
 To be beloved of a king'

By her persuasions I was led,
 For to defile my marriage-bed,
 And wronge my wedded husband Shore, 35
 Whom I had married yeares before

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
 That I had made so sweet a choice,
 And therefore did my state resigne,
 To be king Edward's concubine. 40

From city then to court I went,
 To reape the pleasures of content,
 There had the joyes that love could bring,
 And knew the secrets of a king

When I was thus advanc'd on highe 45
 Commanding Edward with mine eye,
 For Miss Blague I in short space
 Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende¹ I had but in short time
I made unto a promotion climbe, 50
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbände could not mee abide

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye gñefe did sting;
From England then he goes away 55
To end his life beyond the sea

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame,
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his night 60

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lordes and ladies of great sorte,
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my pünce grewe sad

But yet a gentle minde I boie 65
To helplesse people, that were poore,
I still rediest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lves condemnd to dye

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares, 70
And never look'd for other gaime
But love and thanks for all my pame

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75
King Edwards friends were soon put downe

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in,
Yea, every one that was his friend,
Thus tyrant brought to shamefull end 86

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet

Where many thousands did me viewe, 85
Who late in court my credit knewe,
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee, 90
And chaig'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mis Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope theribye to ease my want, 95
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove. 100

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late,
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed, 110
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myselfe therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food,
Whereby I begged all the day, 115
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old,
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life,
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make then pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125
Whereby my hunger might be fed
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength 130
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent.

The which now since my dying^c daye,
 Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye,¹
 Which is a witness of my sinne,
 For being concubine to a king

135

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
 Be you assu'd that God is just,
 Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

140

If God to me such shame did bring,
 That yielded only to a king,
 How shall they scape that daily run
 To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love,
 Lest some dishking after prove;
 Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
 What plagues are due to sinful lives:
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end

145

XXVII.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNEEL

This simple little elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in 'The golden garland of princely delights'

The burthen of the song, 'Ding Dong,' &c is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader, but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn

¹ But it had this name long before, being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly *shore*) or drain See Stow

and mournful strains Of this kind is that fine aërial Dirge in Shakespear's
Tempest

“Full fadom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark! now I hear them, Ding dong bell
 But then, Ding dong’

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner
the most solemn and expressive of melancholy

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 5
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fan Phillis' head

For my fan Phillida
Our bridal bed was made 10
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid
Ding, &c

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fan array,
Till the obseques are ended, 15
And she is wrapt in clay
Ding, &c

Her hearse it shall be carried
By youths, that do excell,
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell, 20
Ding, &c

A garland shall be framed
 By art and natures skill,
 Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
 In token of good-will,¹
 Ding, &c

And sundry-colour'd ribbands 25
 On it I will bestow,
 But chiefly black and yellowe ²
 With her to giave shall go
 Ding, &c

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever scen, 30
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keepe them fresh and green
 Ding, &c

Instead of fairest colours,
 Set forth with curious art,³
 Her image shall be painted 35
 On my distressed heart
 Ding, &c

And thereon shall be graven
 Her epitaph so faire,
 'Here lies the loveliest maiden,
 That e'er gave shepheard care' 40
 Ding, &c

In sable will I mourne,
 Blacke shall be all my weede,

¹ It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried —² See above, preface to No. XI Book II —³ This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments

Ay me! 'I am forlorn,'

Now Phillida is dead!

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45

My Phillida is dead!

I'll stick a branch of willow

At my fair Phillis' head

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

I

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE

I shall begin this Third Book with an old allegoric Satire a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of 'Pierce Plowman's Visions,' was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME, IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS

We learn from Wormius,¹ that the ancient Icelandic poets used a great variety of measures. He mentions 136 different kinds, without including rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry, but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples:-

<i>Mene og Minne</i>	<i>' Gib Ginnunga</i>
<i>Mogu hundaller</i>	<i>~ Enn Gras lauga</i>

There were many other little niceties observed by the Icelandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other

¹ *Literaturæ Runicæ Hæstis* 1686, 4to.—1651, fol. The Icelandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. *Vid Hlekkis Prefat in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon, & Moeso Goth.* 4to, 1689.—² *Vid Hlekkis Antiq. Literatur Septentrionalis* Tom. I. p. 217.

nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest

Then brethren the Anglo-Saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters.¹

* *‘Sleop tha and Slyrede
Slyppend ue’*

* *‘Ham and Hethset
Heofena rikes’*

I know not, however, that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of *Pierce Plowman’s Visions*, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules, and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. v12

‘In a Somer Season, | when hot² was the Sunne,
I Shope me into Shroubs, | as I a Shepe veic,
In Hite as an Haimet | unHoly of werkes,
Went Wyde in this world | Wonders to heare,’ &c

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets, which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these Visions of Pierce [i. e. Peter] the Plowman, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Motimer’s Clebury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx *Passus* or Breaks,³ exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has, with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life, but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley dwelling in Chancery in Holfordine. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page.⁴ The other is said to be newly imprinted after the authors owne copy by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this

¹ Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. I. p. 217.—² So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either ‘soft,’ as in MS. or ‘set,’ as in PCC.—³ The poem properly contains xxx. parts: the word *passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. III. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Pause*—

⁴ That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Robert Crowley*; the other thus, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Robert Crowley*. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered 38, 39, 41, 68, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*. It begins thus

'Cris, and Cruttes Crist, this beginning spede
I of the Fideis Friendship, that I found in heven,
And through the Specal Spirit, that I sprong of hem tweyne
And al in one godhed endles dwelleth'

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Crede, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz the gray friars of St Francis, the black friars of St Dominic, the Carmelites or white friars, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce, a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wickliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living.¹ Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems,² two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is intitled *The sege of Iherlam*, [i. e. Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous fignments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus

'In Tyberius Tyme the Trewe emperour
Svi Scau hymself bi Sted in Rome
Whyll Pylat was Provoste under that Prynce ryche
And Jewes Justice also of Judeas londe
Herode under empayre as Halytage wolde
A kyng, &c

The other is intitled *Chevalere Assigne* [or *De Cigne*], that is, 'The Knight of the Swan,' being an ancient Romance, beginning thus

All-Weldynge God Whene it is his Wylle
Wele he Weleth his Werke With his owene honde
For ofte Haaimes wale Hente that Hylpe we ne myzte
Neie the Hyrnes of Hym that lengerth in Hevene
For this, &c

Among Mr Garrick's collection of old plays³ is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, 'newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thunstigacion of the puyssaunt and illustrious prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame.' This lord, it seems, had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this 'lughe dygne and illustrious prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, desyrynge coterdyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were relucient in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the same, havynge a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyssaunt kyng, named Oiyant, sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady, of whome she conceived six sonnes and a

¹ Signature A. 11. — ² Calligula L. 11 fol 109, 123 — ³ K vol X

daughter, and chylded of them at one only time, at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at thair neckes, the whiche were all tourned by the provydenche of god into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the swanne, *of whome finally is dyscended my sayde lord*. The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif cuntrye, as it is in othei, hath of hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servantes cohorted my mayster Wynkin de Worde¹ to put the said vertuous hystory in prynte at whose instigacion and string I (Roberte Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare english tongue after the capacite and rudenesse of my wcke entendement².—A curious picture of the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under Leo X the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous knight of the swan².

To return to the Metrie of Pierce Plowman. In the folio MS so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intitled *Death and Life*, (in two fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs) which, for ought that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

‘Christ Christen king,
that on the Crosse tholed,
Hadd Paines and Passions
to defend our soules,
Give us Grace on the Ground
the Greatlye to serve,
For that Royal Red blood
that Rann from thy side’

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between ‘our lady Dame Life,’ and the ‘ugly fiend Dame Death,’ who with then several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is,

‘Shee was Brighter of her Blee,
then was the Bright sonn
Her Rudd Redder then the Rose,
that on the Rise hangeth
Meekely smiling with her Mouth,
And Merry in her lookes,
Ever Laughing for Love,
as shee Like would
And as shee came by the Bankes,
the Boughes eche one
They Lowted to that Ladye,
and Layd forth their branches,
Blossomes, and Burguns
Breatthed full sweete,

¹ W de Worde's edit is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr G's copy is ‘¶ Imprinted at London by me William Copland —’ He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 18 Hen VIII.

Flowers flourish'd in the Firth,
 where shee Forth stepp'd,
 And the Grass, that was Gray,
 Green'd belov'd

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil

The other poem is that which is quoted in the 22d page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 22, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus

Grant Gracious God,
 Grant me this time, &c

It is intitled *Scottish Feilde* (in two fitts, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept 9, 1513 at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural

Then we fild down our Tents,
 that fild were a thousand

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself

'He was a Gentleman by Tesu,
 that this Gest¹ made
 Which say but as he sayd
 for sooth and not other
 At Bagily that becam
 his holine place had,
 And his ancestors of old time
 have yeard² them to come,
 Before William Conquerour
 this Countie did inhabit
 Jesus bring them to this e,
 that brought us forth of bide,
 That hath he asked me Howe
 or Heard my tale'

The village of Bagily, or Baguleigh, is in Cheshue, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that county appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshue-men, who it seems in way in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written, which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry. This deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as inexplicable. I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the Metre of Pierce Plowman³

¹ Jest MS.—² Probably corrupted for—'Says but as he saw'—³ Yearded, i.e. buried, earthen, earded. It is common to pronounce 'Leith,' in some parts of England 'Yearth,' particularly in the North. Pitcottie speaking of James III slain at Bannockbourn, says, 'Nae man wot whar they year'd² him'—⁴ us' MS. In the 2d line above, the MS. has 'bidding'—⁵ And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of *Scottish Field*, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament, till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it, and the song of *Little John Nobody* exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration, was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic Verse,¹ now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of *Conscience*, and in that well-known doggrel,

'A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall'

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity, their grand Heroic Verse of twelve syllables² is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: but with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our Poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state,³ as a greater degree of severity and

¹ Consisting of four Anapests (o o -) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of Verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of 11 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, p. 113, &c) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langlands, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich), only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen

'The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thi were so rive,
Seve kingdoms made in Engelande, and suthe but vive
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto'

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary Writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek, or at least as that of the several independant states of Italy.—² Of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems, while the English, Spaniards, &c have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers, as it also did to our Chancer, who first attempted it in English, and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c, who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of Blank Verse in his Versions of the second and fourth Books of the *Æneid*, 1557, 4to.—³ Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with 12, 11, and even 10 syllables. For though regularly it consists of 4 Anapests (o o -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapest, and sometimes from both, as in these instances from Prior, and from the following Song of *Conscience*

Whō hās ēer beēn āt Pāris, mūst nēeds knōw thē Grēve,
Thē fātāl rētrēt of th' unfortūnāte brāve
Hē stēpt tō hīm stāight, and dīd hīm rēquire

strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having returned this Verse as the vehicle of their Epic and Tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion, they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve Syllables, and by making the Cæsura or Pause full and distinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original, and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemisties. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemisties to two distinct and independant verses and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemisties rhyme to each other.¹

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony, and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers, but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of *Life and Death*, in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity

<i>Lā sūcēs fāt tōi pōurs</i>		<i>ūn ūnfāt dē l'āudāce,</i>
All shall die with thē dāte		that I dēal with my hānds
<i>L'hōmmē prādāt vōit tō ōp</i>		<i>l'ūmān ūn lē sāt,</i>
Yōndē dāmsēl is dēath		that dē cēsēth hēr tō smite
<i>L'ātrēpādē vōit mēux</i>		<i>ē l'āntōmē fāt</i> ²
Whēn shē dōlefully sōw		hōw shē dōwne hēr fōlke
<i>Mēme aīx gēūx dē l'ūyūste</i>		<i>ūn ūnyūste ēst hōi tōbē</i> ³
Thēn shē cāst ūp ā cīyē		tō thē high kīng ōf hēavēn
<i>Dū mēnsōngē tōi pōurs</i>		<i>lē vōū dānēū ē mātū ē,</i>
Thōū shālt battēlyē bēyē		ōi ēlse thē bōckē fūllēth
<i>Pōūr pārtīre hōmmē hōmmē</i>		<i>ōn ūn mēl, ū fāt l'ēre</i> ⁴
This I fared thōughē ā fīythe		whēre thē fōwēn wēre mānyē

To conclude the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse, yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause, so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means displeasing, but claims all the

¹ See Instances in *L'Hist de la Poésie Francoise* par Massieu, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French Verses — Catalina, A 93 — Bolleau Sat — 4 Boll Sat 11

merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished, being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old Alliterative Metre

The first is in MS.¹ which begins thus

*Crist Crowned Kyng, that on Cios didest,²
And art Comfort of all Care, thow³ kind go out of Cours,
With thi Halves in Heven Hered mote thu be,
And thy Worshipful Welkes Worshipped evre,
That suche Soothly Signes Shewest unto man,
In Dremyng, in Drecchyng,⁴ and in Derke swevenes*

The Author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a Dream that happened to himself which he introduces with the following circumstances

*Ones y me Ordyned, as y have Ofte doon,
With Frendes, and Filawes, Fiendemen, and other,
And Caught me in a Company on Corpus Christi even,
Six, other⁵ Seven myle, oute of Suthampton,
To take Mlodye, and Mithe-, among my Makes,
With Redyng of ROMAUNCES, and Revelyng among,
The Dym of the Derknesse Diewe me into the west,
And beGon for to spryng in the Grey day
Than Lift y up my Lyddes, and Loked in the sk-,
And Knewe by the Kende Cours, hit clered in the est
Blyve y Busked me down, and to Bed went,
For to Comforte my Kynde, and Cacche a slepe*

He then describes his dream

*Methought that y Hoved on High on an Hill,
And loked Down on a Dale Depest of othre,
Tha y Sawe in myr Sichte a Selcouthe peple,
The Multitude was so Moche, it Mighte not be nombred
Methoughte y herd a Crowned Kyng, of his Communes axe
A Soleyn⁶ Subside, to Susteyne his werres*

* * * *

*With that a Clerk Kneled adowne and Carped these wordes,
Liege Lord, wif it you Like to Listen a while,
Som Sawes of Salomon y shall you shewe sone*

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing From the demand of subsidies 'to susteyne his werres,' I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of K. Henry Vth, as the MS appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines

The Alliterative Metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed

¹ In a small 4to MS. containing 38 leaves in private hands — Didst dye — though —

⁴ being overpowered — & either, or — a solemn

Heir begins the Tictis of the Twair Marrit Women, and the Wedo, compylit be Maister
 • William Dunbar¹

'Upon the *Midsummer* evven *Midnight* of nightis
 I *Muvit* furth alane quhen as *Midnight* was past
 Beyyd ane *Gudlie* *Glene* *Guth*,² full of *Gay* floures
 Heguit³ of ane *Huge* *Nicht* with *Hawthorne* *tuccis*
 Quirlon ane *Bird* on ane *Branche* so *Bust* out hir notis
 That never ane *Blythfuller* *Bird* was on the *Buche*⁴ hard &c'

The Author pretends to over-hear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex, it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after *Scottish Field* (described above, in p. 220,) which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of 'Thomas the Ryme,' 'Maivellous Merling,' &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. The first of them begins thus

'Merling sayes in his booke, who will *Reid* *Right*,
 Although his *Sayings* be uncouth, they *Shall* be true found,
 In the seventh chapter, read *W* hose *W* ill,
 One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c'

And the 'Prophecie of Beid'

'Betwixt the chief of *Summer* and the *Sad* winter,
 Before the *Heat* of summer *Happen* shall a war
 That *Euop's* lands *Earnestly* shall be wrought
 And *Laurest* *Envy* shall last but a while, &c'

So again the 'Prophecie of Beilington'

'When the *Ruby*'s *Raised*, *Rest* is there none,
 But much *Rancour* shall *Rise* in *River* and plain,
 Much *Sorrow* is *Seen* through a *Suth* hound
 That beares *Hornes* in his *Head* like a *wylde* *Hart*, &c'

In like Metre is the 'Prophecie of Waldhave'

'Upon *Lowdon* *Law* alone as I *Lay*,
 Looking to the *Lennox*, as me *Lief* thought,
 The first *Morning* of *May*, *Medicine* to seek
 For *Malice* and *Melody* that *Moved* me sore, &c'

And lastly, that intitled, 'The Prophecie of Giffas'

'When holy *kirk* is *Wacked* and *Will* has no *Wit*
 And *Pastors* are *Plucked*, and *Pil'd* without *Pity*
 When *Idolatrie* *Is* *In* *ens* and *ie*
 And spiritual *pastours* are vexed away, &c'

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the Alliteration is ex-

¹ Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in 'Ancient Scottish Poems, &c from the MS Collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight, of London, 1786,' 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here collected by that edition —² Garden —³ Hedged —⁴ Bough.

tremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances, although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Bevington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not entirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old Manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes and the intermingled cadence and alliterations of the Metre of *Pierce Plowman*.

[The Essay on the Alliterative Metre will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' Vol. I. p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of Alexander the Great, in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Num. 44, in the Ashmol MSS. containing 27 passus, and beginning thus

'Whener folk fastid [*feasted, qu*] and fed,
fayne wolde thei her [*i e* hear]
Some farand thing,' &c

It is well observed by Mr. Tytwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre (Vol. III. p. 305) viz

——— I am a Sotheine [*i e* Southern] man,
I cannot geste, rom, rum, raf, by my letter,

that the fondness for this species of versification, &c. was retained longest in the Northern provinces. And that the Author of 'Pierce Poughman's Visions' is in the best MSS. called William, without any surname. See Vol. IV. p. 74. Add. Note, Ed. 1794.]

THE END OF THE ESSAY

The following Song, intitled, The Complaint of Conscience, is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript. Some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected, but with notice to the reader whenever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between brackets.

As I walked of late by [an] wood side,
To God for to meditate was my entent,
Where under a hawthorne I suddenly spyed
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
With bloody teares his face was besprent, 5
His fleshe and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and
clay

Ver. 1, one, MS.

This made me muse, and much [to] desire
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee,
 I stept to him straight, and did him requine 10
 His name and his secretts to shew unto mee
 His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
 ‘My name,’ quoth he, ‘is the cause of my care,
 And makes me scorned, and left here so bare’

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd [me] sit
 downe, 15
 ‘And I will,’ saith he, ‘declare my whole greefe,
 My name is called Conscience’—wheratt he did
 frowne,
 He pined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
 ‘[Thoughe now, silly wretche, I’m denyed all reliefe,]
 [Yet] while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 20
 I was entertained with kinges, and with pecies

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
 For with the kings counsell [I] sate in commission,
 Dukes, earles, and barions esteem’d of my name,
 And how that I liv’d there needs no repetition 25
 I was ever holden in honest condition,
 For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
 When sentence was given, for me they wold call

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
 But one pore peny, that was their fine; 30
 And that they acknowledged to be for my sake
 The poore wold doe nothing without counsell mine
 I ruled the world with the right line
 For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,
 But Conscience was called to be at [the] end 35

Ver 15, him, MS —Ver 19, not in MS —Ver 23, he sate, MS—Ver 35,
 an end, MS

Noe bargaines, nør merchandize, merchants wold make
 But I was called a wittenesse thei to
 No use for noè money, noi forfeit wold take,
 But I wold controule them, if that they did soe
 [And] that makes mé live now in great woe, 40
 Foi then came in Piide, Sathan's disciple,
 That is now entertained with all kind of people

He brought with him three, whose names [thus they
 call]
 That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside
 They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my downe-
 fall, 15
 Soe Piide was entertained, but Conscience decied,
 And [now ever since] abroad have I tyed ,
 To have had entertainment with some one or other ,
 . But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother

Then went I to the Court the gallants to winn, 50
 But the porter kept me out of the gate
 To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my smne,
 They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state,
 Goe, goe! threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a
 mate
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, pünce, and
 queene, 55
 With whom evermore I esteemed have been

Then went I to London, where once I did [dwell]
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my
 name,
 'For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!'
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame, 60

* Ver 43, they be these, MS — Ver. 46, was derided, MS — Ver 53, packe me,
 MS — Ver 57, wonne, MS

They lought at my raggs, and there had good game,
 'This is old theed-bare Conscience, that dwelt with
 saint Peter'

But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-
 sweeper

Not one wold receive me, the Lord [he] doth know,
 I having but one poor penny in my purse, 65
 On an awle and some patches I did it bestow,
 [For] I thought better cobble shooes than doe worse
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
 And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and foillorne,
 And whipp me out of towne to [seeke] where I
 was borne 70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
 The Court of Conscience where once I did sit.
 Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,
 For my name and the place agreed soe fit,
 But there of my purpose I fayled a whit, 75
 For [thoughe] the judge us'd my name in everye
 [commission,]
 The lawyers with their quilllets wold get [my] dis-
 mission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me,
 Good lord! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
 And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee! 80
 The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble,
 I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble,
 Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
 But swore me on a booke I must never come
 there

Ver 70, see, MS — Ver 76, condempn, MS — Ver 77, get a, MS.

Next the Merchants said, 'Counterfete, get thee
away,

85

Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?
We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And sett thee on shoie in the New-found land,
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us, 90
For when we wold reape profit here thou woldst
accuse us'

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on
To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name,
Declaiming my greeffes, and there I made moane,
[Telling] how their forefathers held me in fame 95
And at letting their faimes [how always I came]
They sayd, 'Fye upon thee' we may thee cuse
[Thence] leases continue, and we fare the worse'

And then I was forced a begging to goe
To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore, 100
And swaie that then landlords had plagued them so,
That they were not able to keepe open doore,
Noi nothing had left to give to the poore
Therefore to this wood I doe me repaie,
Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds,
Who have vowed to company me to my giave
Wee are [all] put to silence, and live upon weeds,
[And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds]. 110
Our banishment is its utter decay,
The which the niche glutton will answer one day.'

Ver 95, And how, MS — Ver 101, so sore, MS — Ver 109, ill, MS — Ver 110, not in MS

'Why then,' I said to him, 'me-thinks it were best
 To goe to the Clergie, for dailye they preach
 Eche man to love you above all the rest, 115
 Of Mercye, and Pitie, and Almes-[deeds], they teach'
 'O,' said he, 'noe matter of a pin what they preach,
 For then wives and their children soe hange them
 upon,
 That whosoever gives almes they will¹ give none'

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 120
 And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest
 I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
 For him and his fellowes to live with the best
 'Fust,' said he, 'banish Pride, then all England were
 blest, 125
 For then those wold love us, that now sell their
 land,
 And then good [house-keeping wold revive] out of
 hand'

II

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, intitled,
 'The Garland of Goodwill'—*Ignorance* is here made to speak in the broad
 Somersetshue dialect The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey

TRUTH

God speed you, ancient father,
 And give you a good daye,
 What is the cause, I praye you
 So sadly here you staye?

Ver 119, almes-deeds, MS—Ver 126, houses every where wold be
 kept, MS.

¹ We ought in justice and truth to read, 'pan'

And that you keep such gazing 5
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,¹
 That sometimes che have knowne 10
 A van and goodly abbey
 Stand here of bricke and stone,
 And many a holy viuei,
 As ich may say to thee,
 Within these goodly cloysteis 15
 Che did full often zee

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
 In truthe and veritiè,
 A sorte of greater hypocrites
 Thou couldst not likely see,
 Deceiving of the simple
 With false and feigned lies
 But such an order truly
 Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE

Ah! ah! che zmall thee now, man, 25
 Che know well what thou art,
 A vellow of mean learning,
 Thee was not worth a vaat.
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then, 30

¹ *e. farther* as in the Midland counties they say housen, closen, for houses, closes A

And every thing was plenty
Among all zoits of men

TRUTH

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye, 35
When he accus'd then crimes
'Twas merry,' sayd the people,
'And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of heav'n' 40

IGNORANCE

Chil tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vicis went hence,
A bushell of the best whcate
Was zold for vounteen pence,
And vorty egges a penny, 45
That were both good and newe,
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain, 50
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine,
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde,
Then 'tis not true religion 55
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE

Chill toll thee my opinion plaine,
 And choul'd that well ye knewe,
 Ich care not for the bible booke,
 Tis too big to be true' 60
 Our blessed ladyes psalter
 Zhall for my money goe,
 Zuch pretty prayers as there bee,¹
 The bible cannot zhowe

TRUTH

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye, 65
 For in that book indeede
 No mention of our lady,
 Or Romish saint we read
 For by the blessed Spirit
 That book indited was, 70
 And not by simple persons,
 As was the foolish masse

IGNORANCE.

Cham zue they were not voolishe
 That made the masse, che trowe,
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, 75
 And vools no Latine knowe
 Were not our fathers wise men,
 And they did like it well,
 Who very much rejoyced
 To heare the zacing bell? 80

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
 As I may say to thee,

¹ Probably alluding to the illuminated Psalters, Missals, &c.

Have wisht the light that you have,
 And could it never see
 For what art thou the better 85
 A Latin song to heare,
 And understandest nothing,
 That they sing in the quicre?

IGNORANCE

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
 The noise was passing tūm 90
 To heare the viers zinging,
 As we did enter in,
 And then to zee the hood-loft
 Zo biavely zet with zaints,—
 But now to zee them wandring 95
 My heart with zollow vaints

TRUTH

The Lord did give commandment,
 No image thou shouldst make,
 Nor that unto idolatry
 You should your self betake 100
 The golden calf of Isiael
 Moses did therefore spoile,
 And Baal's priests and temple
 Were brought to utter foile

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame 105
 Was a pure and holy zant,
 And many men in pilgrimage
 Did shew to her complaint
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
 And many other moe. 110

The holy maid of Kent.¹ likewise
 Did many wonders shewe

TRUTH

Such saints are well agreeing
 To your profession sure,
 And to the men that made them 115
 So precious and so pure,
 The one for being a traitour,
 Met an untimely death,
 The other eke for treason
 Did end her hateful breath. 120

IGNORANCE

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
 Dispraise them how you wille.
 But zue they did much goodnesse,
 Would they were with us stille!
 We had our holy water, 125
 And holy bread likewise,
 And many holy reliques
 We zaw befoie our eyes

TRUTH

And all this while they fed you
 With vain and empty shewe, 130
 Which never Christ commanded,
 As learned doctors knowe
 Search then the holy scriptures,
 And thou shalt plainly see
 That headlong to damnation 135
 They alway trained thee

¹ By name Eliz Barton, executed Apr 21, 1534 Stow, p 570.

IGNORANCE

If it be true, good vellowe,
 As thou dost zay to mee,
 Unto my heavenly fader
 Alone then^e will I flee
 Beheving in the Gospol,
 And passion of his zon,
 And with the zubtl papistes
 Ich have foi ever done

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III.

THE WANDERING JEW

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches, who, being entertained at the monastery of St Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith' The archbishop answered, That the fact was true And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Caiaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come" Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the Apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person' This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the *Wandering Jew*, whose several histories may be seen in Calmct's dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol II Book 3, Let 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys collection.¹

WHEN as in fane Jerusalem
 Our Saviour Christ did live,
 And for the sins of all the woulde
 His own deare life did give,
 The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scoines 5
 Did daile him molest,
 That never till he left his life,
 Our Saviour could not rest

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10
 In scornfull sort they led him forth
 Unto his dying place,
 Where thousand thousands in the streete
 Beheld him passe along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15
 That pityed this his wrong

Both old and young reviled him,
 As in the streete he wente,
 And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
 By every ones consente 20
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
 A burthen far too great,
 Which made him in the street to fainte,
 With blood and water sweat

¹ We need hardly recount the numerous fictions, or poems, which have since been founded on this story, such as Shelley's 'Ahasuerus,' a novel by John Galt, a tale in an early work of Lord John Russell's, entitled, 'Essays by a Gentleman who had left his Lodgings,' and Ciolty's splendid romance of 'Salathiel,' which the literary world would like to see completed.—ED

Being weary thus, he sought for rest, 25
 To ease his burthened soule,
 Upon a stone, the which a wretch
 Did churlishly contrioule,
 And sayd, ‘ Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
 Thou shalt not rest thee here, 30
 Pass on, thy execution place
 Thou seest nowe draweth neare ’

And thereupon he thrust him thence,
At which our Saviour sayd,
'I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed'
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along

Where after he had scene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled
Without retuuning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandried up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base

No-resting could he finde at all,
 No ease, nor hearts content, 50
 No house, nor home, nor biding place
 But wandring foith he went
 From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
 With grieued conscience still,
 Repenting for the heinous guilt 55
 Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
 In wandring up and downe,
 He much again desired to see
 Jerusalems renowne, 60
 But finding it all quite destroyd,
 He wandied thence with woe,
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
 • To verifie and shoue

‘I’ll rest,’ sayd hee, ‘but thou shalt walke,’ 65
 So doth this wandring Jew
 From place to place, but cannot rest
 For seeing countie newe,
 Declaring still the power of him,
 Whereas he comes or goes, 70
 And of all things done in the east,
 Since Christ his death, he shoues

The world he hath still compast round
 And seene those nations strange,
 That hearing of the name of Christ, 75
 Then idol gods doe change
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
 Of time forepast, and gone,
 And to the princes of the worlde
 Declares his cause of moane: 80

Desiring still to be dissolv’d,
 And yeild his mortal breath;
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
 He shall not yet see death
 For neither lookes he old nor young, 85
 But as he did those times,
 When Christ did suffer on the crosse
 For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a forēigne place,
 Arabia, Egypt, Africa, 90
 Grecia, Syria, and great Thracia,
 And throughout all Hungaria,
 Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
 Those blest apostles deare,
 There he hath told our Saviours wordes, 95
 In countiees far, and neare

And lately in Bohemia,
 With many a German towne,
 And now in Flanders, as us thought,
 He wandreth up and downe 100
 Where learned men with him confesse
 Of those his lingering dayes,
 And wonder much to heare him tell
 His journeyes, and his wayes

If people give this Jew an almes, 105
 The most that he will take
 Is not above a goat a time
 Which he, for Jesus' sake,
 Will kindly give unto the poore,
 And thereof make no spae, 110
 Affirming still that Jesus Christ
 Of him hath dayly care

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
 But weepe and make great moane,
 Lamenting still his miseries, 115
 And dayes forepast and gone
 If he heare any one blaspheme,
 Or take God's name in vaine,
 He telles them that they crucifie
 Their Saviour Christe-againe. 120

‘If you had seene his death,’ saith he,
 ‘As these mine eyes have done,
 Ten thousand thousand times would yee
 His torments think upon.
 And suffer for his sake all paine
 Of torments, and all woes’
 These are his wordes and eke his life
 Whereas he comes or goes

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IV

THE LYE,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled ‘Davison’s Poems, or a poetical Rapsodie divided into sixe books . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader Lond 1621, 12mo’ This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct 29, 1618 But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison’s poems before that time, one in 1608,¹ the other in 1611² So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603 See Oldys’s Life of Sir W Raleigh, p 173, fol³

Goe, soule! the bodie’s guest,
 Upon a thankelesse arrant,
 Feare not to touche the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant
 • Goe, since I needs must dye,
 And give the world the lye.

¹ Catalog of T Rawlinson, 1727—² Cat of Sion Coll library. This is either lost or mislaid —³ This beautiful poem has been ascribed to others, such as Richard Edwards, Lord Essex, T Davison and Joshua Sylvester, but was ascribed to Raleigh during his lifetime A copy of it is traced as far back as 1593 He did write a poem, some say two, on the night ere his execution, but not the above —ED. .

Goe, tell the court, it glowes
 And shmes like rotten wood,
 Goe, tell the church it showes
 What's good, and doth no good 10
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lye

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by others actions,
 Not lov'd unlesse they give, 15
 Not strong but by their factions,
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affauns of state, 20
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practise onely hate,
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lye

Tell them that brave it most, 25
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who in then greatest cost
 Seek nothing but commending,
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lye 30

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion,
 Tell love it is but lust,
 Tell time, it is but motion,
 Tell flesh, it is but dust,
 And wish them not reply, 35
 For thou must give the lye

Tell age, it daily wasteth,
Tell honour, how it alters,
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters, 40
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse,
Tell wisdom, she entangles 45
Herselfe in over-wisenesse,
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye

Tell physicke of her boldnesse,
Tell skill, it is pretension, 50
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law, it is contention,
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse, 55
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindnesse,
Tell justice of delay
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye 60

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming
If arts and schooles reply, 65
Give arts and schooles the lye

Tell faith, it's fled the citie,
 Tell how the countrey eireth,
 Tell, manhood shakes off pitie,
 Tell, vertue least preferieth 70
 And, if they doe reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbin,
 Although to give the lye 75
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soule can kill.

V.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his majesty's poetic talents, some Punning Verses made on the disputations at Stirling but it having been suggested to the editor, that the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymers put them into metre, ¹ it was thought proper to exchange them for two Sonnets of K. James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time, the second is a most complete example of the bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON
 PRINCE HENRY

From K. James's works in folio. Where is also printed another called his Majesty's *own* Sonnet, it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was *not* his Majesty's *own* Sonnet ²

¹ See a folio intitled, 'The Muses welcome to King James'—² See Washington Irving's paper in the Sketch-book, 'A Royal Poet'—Ed. c

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
 For on his throne his scepter do they swey
 And as their subjects ought them to obey,
 So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
 Observe the statutes of our heavenly king,
 • And from his law make all your laws to spring,
 Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine,
 Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right,
 Walke always so, as ever in his sight,
 Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane
 And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
 Resembling right your mightie king divine

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH
 HINDRED THE SPORTS AT NEWMARKET IN
 JANUARY 1616

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio where also
 may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this Sonnet, which concludes
 with the finest anticlimax I remember to have seen

How cruelly these catives do conspire!
 What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
 Betwixt the cankred king of Creta land,¹
 That melancholy old and angry sire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire 5
 Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd?²
 But now his double face is still dispos'd,
 With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

¹ Saturn — ² Janus.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
 Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast 10
 The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,
 And surfeits cattle with a starving feast
 Curs'd be that love and mought¹ continue short,
 Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport

VI

K JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF
CANTERBURY

The common popular ballad of *King John and the Abbot* seem to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I, from one much older, intitled, 'King John and the Bishop of Canterbury' The Editor's folio MS contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted, it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much adorned by our old ballad-makers, for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), intitled 'King Olfrey and the Abbot'² Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the city ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning 'King Henry and a Bishop,' with this stinging moral

'Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
 When learned bishops princes eyes do blind'³

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy,
 to 'The tune of Deery down'

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
 Of a notable pounce, that was called king John,
 And he ruled England with maine and with might,
 For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right

¹ i.e. may it — ² See the collection of Hist Ballads, 3 vols 1727 Mr Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the White Horse in Berkshire, p 15 — ³ The story of this ballad is found in an old Saxon book, called the 'Adventures of Howleglass,' 1483, and also in a collection of Spanish novels, 1576 — Ed^r

And Ile tell you a story, a story so meirye, 5
 Concerning the Abbot of Canteburye,
 How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
 They rode poste for him to fair London towne

An hundied men, the king did heare say,
 The abbot kept in his house every day, 10
 And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
 In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

‘How now,’ father abbot, ‘I heare it of thee,
 Thou keepest a faire better house than mee,
 And for thy house-keeping and high renowne, 15
 I feare thou work’st treason against my crown’

‘My hege,’ quo’ the abbot, ‘I would it were knowne,
 I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
 And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
 Respending of my owne true-gotten geere’ 20

‘Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
 And now for the same thou needest must dye,
 For except thou canst answer me questions three,
 Thy head shall be smytten from thy bodie

‘And first,’ quo’ the king, ‘when I’m in this stead, 25
 With my crowne of golde so faue on my head,
 Among all my hege-men so noble of burthe,
 Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

‘Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride the whole world about 30
 And at the thrd question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think

‘O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
 Nor I cannot answer you grace as yet
 But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
 Ile do my endeavour to answer you grace’

‘Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
 And that is the longest time thou hast to live,
 For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
 Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee’ 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
 And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford,
 But never a doctor there was so wise,
 That could with his learning an answer devise

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold
 ‘How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
 What newes do you bring us from good king John?’

‘Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give,
 That I have but three days more to live 50
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my bodie

The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege men so noble of birth; 55
 To withun one penny of what he is worth

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soone he may ride this whole world about
 And at the thurd question I must not shrinke,
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke.’ 60

‘Now cheare up, sue abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I’ll ride to London to answe’re your quarrel

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fan London towne’

‘Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave, 70
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare fore our fader the pope’

‘Now welcome, sue abbot,’ the king he did say,
‘Tis well thou’rt come back to keepe thy day,
For and if thou canst answer my questions three, 75
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my hege men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.’ 80

‘For thurty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny wiser than hee’

The king he laughed, and swore by St Bittel,¹ 85
‘I did not think I had been worth so littel’
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about’

¹Meaning probably St Botolph.

You must use with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he useth againe, 90
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about'

The king he laughed, and swore 'by St Jone,
 I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
 —Now from the third question thou must not shrinko,
 But tell me here truly what I do thinke' 96

'Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry
 You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury,
 But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee' 100

The king he laughed, and swore 'by the masse,
 He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
 'Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
 For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.'

'Four nobles a weeke, then, I will give thee, 105
 For this merry jest thou hast shovne unto mee,
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John'

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

This little Sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept 5, 1619.¹ The consequences of this fatal election are well known. Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this

¹ See our Life of Charles — Ed

unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds that was presented to him by the Emperor, 'because it came from an enemy to his loyal mistress the Queen of Bohemia' See Biog Britan

This song is printed from the 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,' 1651, with some corrections from an old MS copy It had been set to music and printed 1624

Your meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number, than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise? 5

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents what's your praise,
When Philomell her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistis shal be seene
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde,
By virtue first, then choyce a queen,
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th'eclipse and glory of her kind? 20

VIII

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous 'poems and songs' in a book intitled, 'Le Pince d'amour,' 1660, 8vo. It was first printed in the reign of James First

An old song made by an aged old pato,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greater
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;

Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their
wages,

And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,
nor pages,

But kept twenty old fellows, with blue coats and
badges,

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him
by his looks

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old
cooks

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and
bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had boine many
shiewde blows,
And an' old fiize coat, to cover' his worship's trunk
hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Churstmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man
dumb,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of
hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good
pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Chaiging him in his will to keep the old bountifull
mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours
be kind.
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was
incln'd,
Like a young courtier of the king's,
'And the king's yung courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his
land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his com-
mand,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go
nor stand,
Like a young courtier, &c

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,
or care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens
hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion'd hall, built where the old one
stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no
good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither
coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals
ne'er stood,
Like a young courtier, &c

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and
toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must
begone, ³
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter
John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone,
Like a young courtier, &c

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is com-
pleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not
eat;
Like a young courtier &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's
old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestor's old manors are sold,
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown
so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers ¹

¹ In the version of this quaint and admirable song now usually sung, a stanza describing the good old gentleman's death has been introduced —Ed

IX

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE

When the Scottish Covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that 'the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths' [Lloyd's Memoirs]. When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English. many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, 'Musarum deliciae or the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit, 2d edition — By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and J. S. [James Smith] Lond. 1656, 12mo' — [See Wood's Athenæ II 397, 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz

'But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a,
But his lost honour must lye still in the dust,
At Barwick away it went-a'

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5
With halfe so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you 'ld have sworn on a
book,
Hee 'ld have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a, 10
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,
'Sir John, why will you go fight-a?'

But he, like a cruel knight, sperr'd on,
 His heart would not relent-a,
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear? 15
 Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollow, and whoop-a 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Wert-a,
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was nothing so pert-a

For when the Scots army came within sight, 25
 And all prepared to fight-a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe shute-a

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a, 30
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
 To be kill'd the very first man-a

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a,
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away, 35
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

Ver 22, John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the
 terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became pro-
 verbial in France, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's Dict.

X.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate house Westminster to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ* Vol II p 228, and Lyson's *Envyions of London*, Vol I p 109, where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, 'Lucasta,' 1649, 12mo collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.¹

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates,
 When I lye tangled in her haire, -5
 And fetter'd with her eye,
 The buds that wanton in the aine,
 Know no such libertye

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thamōs, 10
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames,
 When thursty griefe in wine we steepe,
 When healths and draughts goe free,
 Fishes, that tittle in the deepe, 15
 Know no such libertie

Ver 10, with woe-allaying themes, MS Thames is here used for water in general

¹ Lucasta was a Miss Lucy Sacheverell, who, hearing that Lovelace had died at Dunkirk, married another.—ED

When, linnet-like, confined I
 With shriller note shall sing
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
 And glories of my king, 20
 When I shall voyce aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlarged windes that cule the flood,
 Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25
 Nor iron baires a cage,
 Mindes innocent and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free, 30
 Angels alone, that soare above,
 Enjoy such libertie.

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I who built such a one wherever the heire of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times. For, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver 17, was that entered into by Mr Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king, for which two of them, Nath Tomkins and Rich Chaloner, suffered death July 5, 1648. *Vid* Ath Ox II 24

UNDONE, undone the lawyers are,
 They wander about the towne,

Noi can find the way to Westminster,
 Now Charing-cross is downe
 At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5
 Swearing they are at a loss,
 And chaffing say, that's not the way,
 They must go by Charing-cross

The parliament to vote it down
 Conceiv'd it very fitting, 10
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the house, as they were sitting
 They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted,
 To give command, it should not stand, 15
 But be taken down and carted

Men talk of plots, this might have been
 waise

For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins and Chaloner,
 Were hang'd for long agoe 20
 Our parliament did that prevent,
 And wisely them defended,
 For plots they will discover still,
 Before they were intended

But neither man, woman, nor child,
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word
 Against the parliament
 An informer swore, it letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed, 30
 I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
 It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily
 To popery it was bent,
 For ought I know, it might be so, 35
 For to church it never went
 What with excuse, and such device,
 The kingdom doth begin
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
 Without doors nor within 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd
 Of it have taken pity,
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
 So firmly to the city
 Since crosses you so much disdain, 45
 Faith, if I were as you,
 For fear the king should rule again,
 I'd pull down Tiburn too

* * Witlocke says, 'May 3, 1613, Cheapside cross and other crosses were
 voted down,' &c — But this Vote was not put in execution with regard to
 Charing Cross till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations on the
 Life, &c of K Charles, viz 'Charing-Cross, we know, was pulled down,
 1647, in June, July, and August Part of the stones were converted to pave
 before Whitehall I have seen knife-hafts made of some of the stones, which,
 being well-polished, looked like marble' Ed 1715, p 18, 12mo

See an Account of the pulling down Cheapside Cross, in the Supplement to
 Gent Mag 1764

XII

LOYALTY CONFINED

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's 'Memoires of those that
 suffered in the cause of Charles I' Lond 1668, fol p 96 He speaks of it as
 the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and
 was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered
 The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited,
 this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange¹—Some mistakes in Lloyd's
 copy are corrected by two others, one in MS the other in the 'Westminster
 Diollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671,' 12mo

¹ Sir Roger L'Estrange was a kind of pamphlet and squib writer to the Court He died
 in 1704, aged 88 —Ed

BEAT on, proud billōws, Boieas blōw,
 Swell, cuiled waves, high as Jove's tooof,
 Your meivility doth show,
 That innocence is tempest proof,
 Though surly Neieus' fiown, my thoughts are calm, 5
 Then strike, Affliction! for thy wounds are balm

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty 10
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchoiet

I, whilst I wisht to be retu'd,
 Into this private room was tun'd;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 15
 The salamander should be burn'd,
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish, 20
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish

The cynick loves his poverty,
 The pelican her wilderness, 25
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus
 Contentment cannot smart, Storcks we see
 Make torments easie to then apathy.

These manacles upon my aim 25
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear,
 And for to keep my ancles waim,
 I have some non shackles there.
 These walls are but my garrison, this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
 Like some high-prized margarite,
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight
 Retnedness is a piece of majesty, 35
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee

Here sin for want of food must staive,
 Where tempting objects are not seen,
 And these strong walls do only seive
 To keep vice out, and keep me in : 40
 Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure

So he that struck at Jason's life,¹
 Thinking t'have made his purpose sure,
 By a malicious friendly knife 45
 Did only wound him to a cure.
 Malice, I see, wants wit, for what is meant
 Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my pince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem, 50
 And to make smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him
 Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
 When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king 55
 Neither in person or in coin,
 Yet contemplation is a thing
 That renders what I have not, mine.

¹ See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat Deorum Lib 3, c 28 Cic de Offic Lib 1, c 30, see also Vol. Max 1 8

My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?² 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove, 65
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bud, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty,
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free 70
And though immur'd, yet can I clump, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repau
T' accompany my solitude 75
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

VERSES BY K CHARLES I

¹ This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Chislehurst castle [in 1648] The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety Mr Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol I

It is in his 'Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton,' p 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original

It is there intitled, 'MAJESTY IN MISERY OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS'

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, 'that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic' See his hist 1763, 4to Vol V pp 437, 442, which is no bad comment upon them These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition Indeed a little Poem *On a quiet Conscience*, printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol VIII is attributed to K Charles I, being reprinted from a thin 8vo published by Nahum Tate, called *Miscellanea Sacra*, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects'

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings,

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, 5
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10
The holy unction, and the royal globe
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread 15

They rais'd a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws,

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

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My loyal subjects, whom this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason

Next at the clergy do'then funes frown, 25
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown

Churchmen are cham'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed 30

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usupt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*

The Presbyter and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades To make religion bleed 35
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavior
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Then ancestors did crucifie our Saviour

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb 40
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb

Great Britain's hen is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance 45

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd
So doth the dust destroy the diamond

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50
And the Almighty will not let me giant

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
Distress my children, and destroy my bones,
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die,
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to condemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullify my hate, 70
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE

XIV

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-
STUFF

This satiric exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in 'A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c' 1684, 12mo — To the tune of Old Simon the king

REBELLION hath broken up house,
 And hath left me old lumber to sell,
 Come hither, and take your choice,
 I'll promise to use you well
 Will you buy the old speaker's chan? 5
 Which was warm and easie to sit in,
 And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
 When as it was fouler than fitting
 Says old Simon the king, &c

Will you buy any bacon-fitches, 16
 The fattest, that ever were spent?
 They're the sides of the old committees,
 Fed up in the long parliament
 Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
 And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um, 15
 They are made of the presbyters lungs,
 To blow up the coals of rebellion
 Says old Simon, &c

I had thought to have given them once
 To some black-smith for his forge, 20
 But now I have considered on't,
 They are consecrate to the church,
 So I'll give them unto some quire,
 They will make the big organs roar,

And the little pipes to squeake higher, 25
 Than ever they could before
 Says old Simon, &c

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
 One's square, and t'other is round,
 Betwixt them both the tail 30
 Of the Rump fell down to the ground
 Will you buy the states council-table,
 Which was made of the good wain Scot?
 The frame was a tottering Babel
 To uphold the Independent plot 35
 Says old Simon, &c

Here's the beesom of Reformation,
 Which should have made clean the floor,
 But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
 And left us dirt good store 40
 Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
 Which spun for the 10pers trade?
 But better it had stood still,
 For now it has spun a fan thread
 Says old Simon, &c 45

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
 Which was made of a butcher's stump,¹
 And has been safely apply'd,
 To cure the colds of the rump
 Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve, 50
 Which once was a justice of peace,
 Who Noll and the Devil did serve,
 But now it is come to this
 Says old Simon, &c

¹ Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, April 20, 1653

Here's a roll of the states tobacco,
 If any good fellow will take it,
 No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
 And I'll tell you how they did make it
 'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
 Up with the Abjuration oath,
 And many of them, that have took 't,
 Complain it was foul in the mouth
 Says old Simon, &c

Yet the ashes may happily serve
 To cure the scab of the nation,
 Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
 To Rebellion by innovation
 A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
 The like was scarce ever gotten,
 For many plots it has found out
 Before they ever were thought on
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,
 With which it jocky'd the nation?
 And here is the bitt, and the bridle,
 And curb of Dissimulation
 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
 And then fair dissembling cloak,
 And a Presbyterian jump,
 With an Independent smock.
 Says old Simon, &c

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
 Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd
 But Hell will buy that if the worst is.

Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
 ' Wheerein is the fat of the Rumpers,
 With which old Noll's hoins she did rub,
 When he was got drunk with false bunners
 Says old Simon, &c 90

Here's the purse of the public faith,
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth,
 Lent thumbles to ruine the nation
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship, 95
 And here are Lambert's commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions
 Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels, 100
 And here are his day, and his slings,
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles;
 With diverse other odd things
 And what is the price doth belong
 To all these matters before ye? 105
 I'll sell them all for an old song,
 And so I do end my story
 Says old Simon, &c.

Ver 86, This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitching-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, &c. See Gent Mag. for March, 1793, p. 242.—Ver 94, See Hudibras, Pt. I Cant. 2 ver 570, &c.—Ver 100, 102, Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

XV

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S
POLICY,

Given (with some corrections) from a MS copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir,
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, su

' Shall you and I, O lady faue, 5
Among the grass lye down-a:
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a?'

' Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir. 10
My gowne, and kittle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, su '

' I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it,
Then, lady faue, come lay thy head, 15
We'll play, and none shall knowe it'

' O, yonder stands my steed so free
' Among the cocks of hay, su ,
And if the pinner should chance to seee,
He'll take my steed away, su.' 20

' Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a,
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a'

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
 Some call it may-gold-a
 He that wold not when he might,
 He shall not when he wold-a ' 55

The knight was riding another day,
 With cloak and hat and feather
 He met again with that lady gay,
 Who was angling in the river 60

'Now, lady faue, I've met with you,
 You shall no more escape me,
 Remember, how not long agoe
 You falsely did intrap me '

The lady blushed scarlet red,
 And trembled at the stranger
 'How shall I guard my maidenhead
 From this approaching danger?' 65

He from his saddle down did light,
 In all his riche attyer,
 And cryed, 'As I am a noble knight,
 I do thy charms admyer' 70

He took the lady by the hand,
 Who seemingly consented,
 And would no more disputing stand
 She had a plot invented 75

'Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
 Methinks I now discover
 A riding upon his dapple gray,
 My former constant lover' 80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the river's brink-a,
The lady pusht with all her might
'Sir knight, now swim or sink-a'

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faie he sounded,
Then rising up, he cried amain,
'Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!'

85

'Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling
That is the fittest place for you,
Your courage wanted cooling'

90

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke,
Which made this lady grieve-a

95

'False lady, here thou'rt in my powie,
And no one now can hear thee
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.'

100

'I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a'

'A gentle jest, in soothe!' he cry'd,
'To tumble me in and leave me.
What if I had in the river dy'd?—
That fetch will not deceive me

105

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
 Tho' injur'd out of measure, 110
 But then prepare without delay
 To yield thee to my pleasure'

'Well then, if I must grant your suit,
 Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
 Let me pull off both spur and boot, 115
 Or else you cannot stir, sir'

He set him down upon the grass,
 And begg'd her kind assistance
 'Now,' smiling thought this lovely lass,
 'I'll make you keep your distance' 120

Then pulling off his boots half-way,
 'Sir knight, now I'm your betters
 You shall not make of me your prey,
 Sit there like a knave in fetters'

The knight when she had served soe, 125
 He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled
 For he could neither stand nor goe,
 But like a cripple tumbled.

'Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
 Yet do not move nor stir, sir 130
 I'll send you my father's serving men-
 To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
 You are but a stingless nettle
 You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, 135
 Had you been a man of mettle'

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a,
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a 142

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a
'I'll ride at once to her father's hall,
She shall escape no more-a

I'll take her father by the beard, 143
I'll challenge all her kindred,
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard,
My wrath shall no more be hindred'

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated 150
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted

Thought shee, 'sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour
This water shall your fury 'swage, 155
Or else it shall burn for ever.'

Then fanning penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley
'Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly 160

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir
Therefore a-cross the water come;
And I am all your own, sir'

‘False maid, thou canst no more deceive, 165
 I scorn the treacherous bait-a
 If thou would’st have me thee believe,
 Now open me the gate-a’

‘The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr’d,
 My father he has the keys, su 170
 But I have for my love prepar’d
 A shorter way and easier

Over the moate I’ve laid a plank
 Full seventeen feet in measure
 Then step a-cross to the other bank, 175
 And there we’ll take our pleasure’

These words she had no sooner spoke,
 But straight he came tipping o’er
 The plank was saw’d, it snapping broke,
 And sous’d the unhappy lover 180

* *
 *

XVI

WHY SO PALE?

From Sir John Suckling’s Poems This sprightly knight was born in 1613,
 and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age See above, Song IX.
 of this Book

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prethee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can’t move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prethee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win hei,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute?

10

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take hei,
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make hei
The devil take hei!

15

XVII

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM

MAD SONG THE FIRST

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours¹ Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more hable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen *mad songs* for these volumes The three first are originals in their respective kinds, the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation They were written at considerable intervals of time, but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last [17th] century, the third about the middle of it, the fourth and sixth towards the end, and the fifth within this present century

This is given from the Editor's folio MS compared with two or three old printed copies²—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap 3, is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request 'by Mr William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his career*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note,' p 84 See Sir John Hawkins's curious Edition, 8vo of that excellent old book

¹ Some explain this fact on the ground, that after the dissolution of the religious houses, the poor were reduced to beggary, and to wander through the country in those disguises thought best fitted to excite pity and to escape detection Of these, the disguise of madness was found the most effectual — Ed

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
 Or from the deepe abyſſe of hell,
 Mad Tom is come into the world againe
 To see if he can cure his distempered braine

Feares and cares oppresse my soule, 5
 Harke, howe the angrie Furies howle!
 Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
 To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd

Through the world I wander night and
 day
 To seeke my straggling senses, 10
 In an angrie moode I mett old Time,
 With his pentatechye of tenses

When me he spyed,
 Away he hyed,
 For time will stay for no man. 15
 In vaine with cries
 I rent the skyes,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye
 Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye! 20
 Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
 The carman 'gins to whistle,
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,
 The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles, 25
 To knocke off my troublesome shackles,
 Bid Charles make ready his waine
 To fetch me my senses againe. *

Last night I heard the dog-star bark,
 Mais met Venus in the darke, 30
 Lamping Vulcan het an non barn,
 And furiously made at the god of war

Mais with his weapon laid about,
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
 For his broad hoins did so hang in his light, 35
 He could not see to aim his blows aught:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quariell
 Gornel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
 Bestryd a strong-beere bairell 40

To mee he thanke,
 I did him thanke,
 But I could get no cyder,
 He thanke whole butts
 Till he burst his gutts, 45
 But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye
 A little dunke for chaunte!

Ha ke, I heare Acteon's horne!
 The huntsmen whoop and hallowe 50
 Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
 All the chase do followe

The man in the moone dunks clarret,
 Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
 But a cup of old Malaga sack 55
 Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his Poems, 12mo 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS ¹

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
 When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the pope,
 As well as the best in the college? 5
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a suplice,
 Mitres, copes, and crochets,
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crochets

In the house of pure Emanuel² 10
 I had my education,
 Where my friends surmise
 I dazl'd my eyes
 With the sight of revelation
 Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bodlam, 15
 They lash'd my four poor quarters,
 Whilst this I endure,
 Faith makes me sure
 To be one of Foxe's martyrs
 Boldly I preach, &c

¹ Corbet was successively Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. He died in 1635.—ED —² Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's perswasion.

20

Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion
Boldly I preach, &c

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already,

25

If they let me alone
I'll leave him none
But they say I am too heady
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon,

30

I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster

35

But the sons of pride
My zeal decide,
And all my deeds misconster
Boldly I preach, &c

I unhors'd the Whore of Babel,
With the lance of Inspiration,

40

I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen^e two in a vision 45
 With a flying bookⁱ between them
 I have been in despan
 Five times in a year,
 And been cu'd by reading Greenham²
 Boldly I preach, &c

I observ'd in Peikin's tables³ 50
 The black line of damnation,
 Those crooked vems
 So stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation
 Boldly I preach, &c

In the holy tongue of Canaan 55
 I plac'd my chiefest pleasure
 Till I prick'd my foot
 With an Hebrew^{100t},
 That I bled beyond all measure
 Boldly I preach, &c

I appear'd before the archbishop,⁴ 60
 And all the high commission,
 I gave him no grace,
 But told him to his face,
 That he favour'd superstition

¹ Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech ch v ver 1, or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen Vol. II p 501. He was author of a book, intitled, 'The Fiery Flying Roll' and afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose title is, 'The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clapt,' &c —² See Greenham's Works, fol 1605, particularly the tract intitled, 'A sweet Comfort for an afflicted Conscience' —³ See Perkins's Works, fol 1616, Vol I p 11, where is a large half sheet folded, containing, 'A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c' the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line. —
⁴ Abp Laud

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice, 65
 Mitres, copes, and crotchets
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crotchets.

XIX

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

— is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection, both in black letter

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
 And bring hither all your train,
 See how the pale moon doth waste,
 And just now is in the wane
 Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, 5
 And revelling witches away,
 And hug me close in your arms,
 To you my respects I'll pay

I'll court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain. 10
 I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kiss her, and kiss her again
 But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then, a pise on her love! let her go,
 I'll seek me a winding shroud, 15
 And down to the shades below

A lunacy sad I endure,
 Since reason departs away,
 I call to those hags for a cure
 As knowing not what I say 20

The beauty, whom I do adore,
 Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
 I never shall see her more
 Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

I ramble, and range about 25
 To find out my charming saint,
 While she at my grief does frown,
 And smiles at my loud complaint
 Distraction I see is my doom,
 Of this I am now too sure; 30
 A rival is got in my room,
 While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
 While wandering in despair,
 I am to the desarts lead, 35
 Expecting to find her there
 Methinks in a spangled cloud
 I see her enthroned on high;
 Then to her I cry aloud,
 And labour to reach the sky. 40

When thus I have raved awhile,
 And wearyd myself in vain,
 I lye on the barren soil,
 And bitterly do complain.
 Till slumber hath quieted me, 45
 In sorrow I sigh and weep;
 The clouds are my canopy
 To cover me while I sleep

I dream that my charming fair
 Is then in my rival's bed, 50

Whose tresses of golden hair
 Are on the fair pillow bespread
 Then this doth my passion inflame,
 I start, and no longer can lie
 Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame 55
 To ruin a lover? I cry.

Give me king of the ghosts, be true,
 And hurry me hence away,
 My languishing life to you
 A tribute I freely pay. 60
 To the Elysian shades I post
 In hopes to be freed from care,
 Where many a bleeding ghost
 Is hovering in the air.

 XX

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of Tom D'urfey's comedies of Don Quixote acted in 1694 and 1696, and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1 sullenly mad 2 murtherfully mad 3 melancholy mad 4 fantastically mad and 5 stark mad. Both thus, and Num XXII are printed from D'urfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol I

From those bowers, where, sleeps the god of love,
 Hither ye little wanton cupids fly,
 Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy.
 Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice, 5
 To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing,
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 With a frisk from the ground, 10
 I'll trip like any fairy

As once on Ida dancing
 Were three celestial bodies,
 With an air, and a face,
 And a shape, and a grace, 15
 I'll charm, like beauty's goddess

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain
 Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast, bleak winds in tempests blow, 20
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, and drown 25
 Among the foaming billows?
 Increasing all with tears I shed,
 On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,
 Lay down, lay down my lovesick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad! 30
 That soon my heart will warm;
 When once the sense is fled, is fled,
 Love has no power to charm
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
 Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore! 35
 A thousand thousand times I'll dye
 Ere thus, thus, in vain, ere thus in vain adore.

XXI.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of Music at the beginning of this [18th] century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the ‘Companion to the Play-house,’ &c. The sprightliness of this Songster’s fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his Poems, 4to, Lond. 1729, may be seen another Mad Song of this author, beginning thus ¹

‘Gods! I can never this endure,
Death alone must be my cure,’ &c

I go to the Elysian shade,
Where sorrow ne’er shall wound me,
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me

I fly from Celia’s cold disdain, 5
From her disdain I fly,
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run, 10
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine

See yonder river’s flowing tide,
Which now so full appears,
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide, 15
Are nothing but my tears

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store.

¹ Carey wrote the popular ditty of ‘Sally in our Alley’—ED.

Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I've diam'd the flood to weep it back again 20

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains!
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me! 25
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below!
Where yelling, and howling
And grumbling and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure
Not all the hells
Where Pluto dwells, 35
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossy carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die, and so have ease! 40

XXII.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH

This, like Num XX was originally sung in one of D'Urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694) and was probably composed by that popular Songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723

This is printed in the 'Five, a Collection of Songs,' 4 vols 1721, 12mo where may be found two or three other Mad Songs not admitted into these Volumes

I BURN, my brain consumes to ashes!
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler! 5
 Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither;
 'Tis sultry weather,
 Pour them all on my soul,
 It will hiss like a coal,
 But be never the cooler! 10

'Twas pride hot as hell,
 That first made me rebell,
 From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell,
 And mourn now my fate,
 Which myself did create 10
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
 Off ye vain fantastic toys!
 That dress this face—this body—to allure!
 Bring me daggers, poison, fire! 20
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire,
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure

XXIII

LILLI 'BURLERO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero, and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer

'A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish

words, 'Lero, lero, lillburlero,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect.' *Turnet*

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by K. James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and then fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times—particularly in bishop King's 'State of the Protestants in Ireland,' 1691, 4to.

Lillburlero and *Bullen-a-lah* we said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.¹

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lill burlero, bullen a-la

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lill burlero bullen a-la

Lero lero, lill burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, &

Lero lero, lill burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la

Ho! by saint Tybunn, it is de Tallbote:

Lill, &c

And he will cut de Englishmen's troate

Lill, &c.

10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lill, &c

De law's on danc side, and Chrish knows what.

Lill, &c

But if dispence do come from de popo,

15

Lill, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope

Lill, &c

Ver 7, Ho by my shoul, al ed

¹ The Song has been ascribed not only to Lord Wharton but to Lord Dorset. For Tyrconnel's character see Macaulay's 'England'—Ed.

For de good Talbot, is made a lord,
Lilli, &c 29

And with brave lads is coming aboard
Lilli, &c

Who all in France have taken a swaie,
Lilli, &c
Dat dey will have no protestant heir 25
Lilli, &c

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, &c
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind
Lilli, &c 30

But see de Tyconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c
And we shall have commissions gillore
Lilli, &c

And he dat will not go to de mass, 35
Lilli, &c
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass
Lilli, &c

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c 40
By Chish and shant Patrick, de nation's own own
Lilli, &c

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c
Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass, and a dog' 45
Lilli, &c

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
 Lill, &c
 For Talbot's de dog, and JA's is de ass
 Lill, &c

* * The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, intitled, 'A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Q. Elizabeth's birth-day &c,' 3d ed Lond 1712, p. 2d — See p. 5, vi. — 'A late Viceroy [of Ireland,] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lillibulero* song, with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms.'

XXIV

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

—was written by William Hamilton, of Bungay, Esq, who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza¹

A Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow

B Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,
 Pung the buks on the Braes of Yarrow

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow; 10
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Pung the buks on the Braes of Yarrow

¹ Wordsworth, in his exquisite 'Yarrow Unvisited,' quotes this Ballad — Ed

B Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bide?
 "Why does she weep thy winsome mallow?
 And why dare ye nae man weil be seen 15
 Pung the buks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
 weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae man weil be seen
 Pung the buks on the Braes of Yarrow 20

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
 Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That eu pu'd buks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why uns thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid? 25
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholous weids
 Hung on the bonny buks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow! 30
 O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids, 35
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in waeful wise
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My aim that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to love? 45
 And wain from fight? but to my sorrow
 Too rashly bauld a stronger aim,
 Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow

Sweet smells the bulk, green grows, green grows
 the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, 50
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
 Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the bulk, 55
 The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair fair indeed thy love,
 In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter,
 Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again
 Than me he never lov'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonny bonny brîde,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and love me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow

C How can I busk a bonny bonny bride, 65
 How can I busk a winsome marrow

How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70
 For there was basely slain my luve,
 My luve, as he had not been a lover

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd 75
 He was in these to meet his run

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow
 But ere the toofall of the night
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoyc'd that wae'ful wae'ful day,
 I sang, my voice the woods returning:
 But lang ere night the spear was flown,
 That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin', 90
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
 My luvèr nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threatenng words to muve me—

My lover's blood is on thy spear, 95
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbair, ye bridal maids, the dour,
Let in the expected husband lover 100

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 105
O lay his cold head on my pillow,
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breasts, 110
No youth lay ever there before thee

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breasts, 115
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow.
Thy lover heeds none of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow. 120

XXV

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST,

—was a Party Song written by the ingenious author of 'Leonidas,'¹ on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Cartagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate.² This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with steamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode,

There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat.
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet.

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard; - 10
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,

¹ An ingenious Correspondent informs the Editor, that this ballad hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath — [Glover, the author of 'Leonidas' and the 'Athenas,' was a merchant and an active M.P. for Weymouth, he died in 1785 — Ed.] Thomson describes the scene at Cartagena in his 'Summer,' and Smollett in 'Roderick Random.' — Ed.

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-shoots they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore 15

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster
 Rising from their wat'ry grave 20
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Buford¹ rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail

'Heed, oh! heed our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's m'ur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was lost!
 Tho' in Porto-Bello's fun
 You now triumph free from fears, 30
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping, 35
 These were English captains brave
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my sailors bold
 Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead, 40
 While his dismal tale is told

I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright;

¹ Admiral Vernon's ship.

Nothing then its wealth defended.
 " But my orders not to fight
 Oh! that in this rolling ocean 45
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done 50
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone
 Then the Bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver 55
 Of this gallant train had been

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom, 60
 To have fallen, my country crying,
 He has play'd an English part!
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart

Unrepining at thy glory, 65
 Thy successful aims we hail,
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain, 70
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence, with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending, 75
 Here I feed my constant woe
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom 80

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request, 85
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my sin,
 And for England sham'd in me'

 XXVI

JEMMY DAWSON.

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746. This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq.,¹ soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

¹ See our Edition of that Poet, page 164r.—ED

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, 5
Do thou a pensive ear incline,
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plant, but mine

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A bighter never tied the plam; 10
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form, 15
And spotless was her virgin fame

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd 20
O, had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found,
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound

How pale was then his true love's cheek, 25
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear

With faltering voice she weeping said,
'Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart, 30
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee 35
 My onsons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame,
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to hsp the givei's name 40

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree,
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee'

O then her mourning-coach was call'd, 45
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before,
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more

She followed him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law; 50
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and stedfast eye she saw

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long,
 And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd. 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to every heart prefer,
 For tho' it could his king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her

Amid those unrelenting flames 65
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 'Now, now,' she cried, 'I'll follow thee'

My death, my death alone can show 70
 The pure and lasting love I bore
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd,
 The maid drew back her languid head, 75
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due.
 For seldom shall she hear a tale 80
 So sad, so tender, and so true.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE

OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE SECOND.

For words not found here, consult the former Glossary

A

A dēd of nicht, *s* in dead of night
Abovenous, above us
Advoutry, *Advouterous*, adultery, adulterous.
Affs off
Ahte, ought
Aith, *s* oath
Al, *albert*, although
Alemagne, *f* Germany
Alyes, probably corrupted for *algates*, always
Ancient, or *ancyent*, a flag, banner.
Angel, a gold coin worth 10s
Ant, and
Aplyht, *al aplyht*, quite complete
Argabushe, *harquebusse*, an old-fashioned kind of musket.
Ase, as
Aslake, abate
Attowre, *s.* out over, over and above
Avowe, vow
Azein, *agen*, against.

Azont the ingle, *s* beyond the fire.
 The fire was in the midd^l of the room¹

B

Banded, *s* bearded.
Balow, *s* a nursery term, hush ! lullaby¹ &c
Ban, curse, *banning*, cursing
Banket, banquet
Battes, bats, heavy sticks, clubs
Bayard, a noted blind horse in old romances The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode, is called *Bayard Montalson*, by Skelton, in his 'Philip Sparrow'
Be, *s* by
Be that, by that time
Beaming, carrying well
Bearn, *bawn*, *s* child. also human creature.
Bcd, bado.

¹ In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages, they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow-window the fire is in a grate, like a malt kiln grate, round which the people sit sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room — (Mr LAIDLAY)

Bede, offer, engage
Bedeene, immediately
Befall, befallen
Befou, s before
Bei, s within, the inner-room¹
Bene, *bean*, an expression of contempt
Beoth, be, are
Bei the pry, bare the prize
Beiys, beareth
Bevne, clad
Bespient, besprinkled
Bested, abode
Be, better
Beit, did beat
Beu, *aves*, discovers, betrays
Bi mi leauté, by my loyalty, honesty
Bille, letter
Birk, s birch-tree
Blan, *blanne*, did *blin*, i.e. linger, stop
Blent, ceased
Blink, s a glimpse of light the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance
Boist, *boisters*, s boast, boasters
Bolys, bowls
Bonny, s handsome, comely
Boote, gain, advantage
Bot, s but sometimes it seems used for 'both,' or 'besides,' 'moreover'
Bot, s without
Bot dread, without dread, i.e. certainly
Bouglis, s bugle horn
Bozt, contest
Boundyn, bounden
Braes of Yarrow, s the hilly banks of the river Yarrow
Brade, *brad*, s broad
Bravfly, s bravely
Braw, s brave
Brayd, s arose, hastened
Brayn attownd the bent, s hasted over the field
Brede, *bread*, breadth So Chauc
Brenand drake, may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or fiery

serpent, a metem or firework so called Here (p 15) it seems to signify 'burning embers, or firebrands'
Brestschuldnot, by way of armour
Brumme, public, universally known, *A s byme*, idem
Brouk her with winne, enjoy her with pleasure, *A s brok*
Brouch, an ornamental tinctet a stone-buckle for a woman's breast, &c
Broughte, *brought*, brought
Broz, ditto
Buen, *bueth*, been, be, are
Buik, s book
Burjens, buds, young shoots
But, without, *but let*, without hindrance
Bute, s boot, advantage, good
Butt, s out, the outer room

C

Cadgily, s merrily, cheerfully
Caltren, a kind of musket
Cun cutesye, know, understand good manners
Canner, wooden cups, bowls
Cantaburgis, Ital ballad-singers, singers on benches
Cantle, pieces, corners
Chunty, s cheerful, chatty
Cupul, a poor horse
Cute, clown, clown It is also used in the North for a strong hale old man
Carline, s the feminine of *Carle*
Carpe, to speak, recite, also, to censure
Carping, reciting
Cham, I am (Som dial)
Chayme, Cam
Che, (Somerset dialect) I
Chers, s choose
Cheefe, the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry
Chill, (Som. dial) I will.

¹ 'Bur o' house' means the outer part of the house, outer room, viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. 'Bris o' house', is the inner room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter (p 51) did not go out of doors.—The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a Bur, and a Bex. (Vid Gloss to Vol III.)—J. L. L.

Should, (ditto) I would
Chylde, brought forth, was delivered
Chylde, children, children's
Clattered, beat so as to rattle
Clead, *s* clad, clothe
Clenking, clinking, jingling
Clepe, call
Clot, clod
Cohorted, incited, exhorted
Cokney, seems to be a diminutive for *Cook*, from the Latin *Cognator*, or *Cognominus*. The meaning, where it occurs, seems to be, that 'Every five and five had a cook or scullion to attend them' Chaucer's *Cant Tales*
Cold *lost*, (a phrase) nothing to the purpose
Com, came
Con, *can*, *gan*, began Item, *Con sprunge* (a phrase) sprung *Con fare*, went, passed
Coote, coat
Cap, head, the top of any thing
Saw
Cost, or *coste*, coast, side
Cotydyallye, daily, every day
Covertise, coventousness
Could *bear*, a phrase for bare
Could *c. exp.*, *s* crept *Could* *say*, said *Could* *weep*, *s* wept
Could *his* *good*, Knew what was good for him, Or perhaps, *Could* live upon his own.
Councyle, conceal
Couther, knew
Crepyls, cripples
Cretch, crutch
Croft, an inclosure near a house
Croz, cross
Crook *my* *knee*, make lame my knee They say in the north, 'The horse is crookit,' *ie* lame
'The horse crooks,' *ie* goes lame
Crowneth, crown ye
Crumpling, crooked, or perhaps with crooked knotty horns
Cule, *s* cool
Culliver, a species of musket
Cummer, *s* gossip, friend, fr *Cummere*, *empere*
Cure, care, heed, regard.

D

Dale, *s* deal, *bot* *give* *I* *dale*, unless I deal
Dan, an ancient title of respect, from *Lat* *Dominus*
Danske, Denmark, query
Dark, perhaps for there
Dark, need.
Dau, *d* *s* hit
Dart *the* *tree*, *s* hit the tree
Daukin, diminutive of David
Danger *hurlt*, coyness holdeth
Deare *day*, charming, pleasant day
Dede *is* *do*, deed is done
Deere, hurt, mischief
Deerlye *dight*, richly fitted out
Deemt, *s* deem'd, esteem'd
Deir, *s* dear Item, hurt, trouble, disturb
Deme, *deemed*, judge, doomed
Dent, a dint, blow
Deol, dole, grief
Deray, noise and confusion
Dere, *deere*, dear also hurt
Derked, darkened
Dein, *s* secret, *i* *derk*, secret
Devz, devise, the act of bequeathing by will.
Deze, *deye*, die
Dill, still, calm, mitigate
Do, doe
Don, down
Doughtiness *of* *dent*, sturdiness of blows
Doz-trogh, a dough-trough, a kneading-trough.
Dozter, daughter
Drogh, pulled
Drowe, drew
Drake, see *Brenand Drake*
Dryng, drink
Dude, did *Dudest*, didst
Duchty, doughty
Dule, *s* *duel*, *dol*, dole, grief
Dyce, *s* dice, chequer-work
Dyht, to dispose, order.
Dyne, *s* dinner
Dyscus, discuss.
Dystrayne, vex
Dyzt, *vid.* dight

E

Eard, s earth
Earn, s to cuddle, make cheese
Eqge, urge on
Eiked, s added, enlarged
Elvish, peevish —fantastical
Ence, kinsman, uncle
Ene, s eyn, eyes *Enc*, s even
Enscue, follow
Entendement, f understanding
Ententisly, to the intent, purposely
Er, ere, before, are *Ere*, can
Ese, ease
Euled, aimed

F

Fader, *Fathēris*, s father, fathers
Funn, fond
Fair of fen, s of a fair and healthful look (Ramsay) Perhaps, laid off (free from) fear
Falsing, dealing in falshood
Fung, seize, carry off
Fannes, instruments for winnowing corn
Fawt, *faucht*, s. fought Item, fight.
Fedys, feathers
Fer, land
Ferl, *fele*, many So Hardinge has 'Lords fele,' i.e. 'many Lords,' c 239.
Felay, *feloy*, *felawe*, fellow
Felo, *fell*, furious, skin
Fend, defend "
Fere, or *fear*, fear Item, companion, wife
Ferlot, s wondered
Ferry, wonderful, also, wonderful
Fest, feast
Fey, s predestinated to death, or some misfortune, under a fatality.
Fexyng, fighting
Fie, s beasts, cattle
Firih, *Fieth*, s a wood It. an arm of the sea, *l. f. etum*.
Flee, fleece.

Fleyke, a large kind of hurdle
 "Cows are frequently marked in hovels made of *Fleyke*"

Flowen, s flowing

Fond, contrive, also, endeavour, lay

Force, no force, no matter

Forced more the field, i.e. occupied himself more in field sports

Forfend, avert, hinder

For-fought, or *foght*, over-fought

Forwacht or *forwacht*, over-watched, kept awake

Fors, I do no fors, I don't care

Fowkin, a cant word for a *crepitus ventris*

Fort, drunk

Fræ thou begin, from their beginning, from the time they begin

Friers, *fryars*, friars, monks

Fiecke, *fiecke*, *freyke*, man, human creature

Fieyle, humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously

Feyned, asked

Fir, s *ie*, free.

Flyt, fight

G

Ga, *gais*, s go, goes

Gabelunre, *gubelunyre*, s a wallet

Gabelunre-man, s a wallet-man, i.e. tinker, beggar

Gadlings, *gadelyngys*, gaddlers, idle fellows

Gadyng, gathering

Galliard, a sprightly kind of dance

Gayed, made gay (their clothes)

Geai, *geue*, *geur*, *gair*, s goods, effects, still

Geue will sway, this matter will turn out, affair terminate

Gederede ys host, gathered his host

Gef, *geve*, *gaf*, give

Gest, act, feat, story, history

Gie, *gien*, s give, given

Gillore, (*Irish*), plenty

Gump, *jump*, s mean, slender

Girt, s pierced. *Thughgirt*, pierced through

Gife, s *gif*, *giff*, *giffe*, if.

Glaive, *f* sword
Glen, *s* a narrow valley
Glee, *g*lee, merriment, joy
Glist, *s* glistered
God, *g*odness, good, goodness
God before, *i e* God be thy guide
 a form of blessing¹
God's penny, *a*mes, earnest money
Good, a good deal
Good-e'ens, good-e'enings
Gorget, the dress of the neck
Gravel, fat
Gowan, *s* the common yellow
 crow-foot, or goldcup
Granthed (*gowden*), *s* was caparisoned with gold
Gratzhed, *s* decked, put on
Gree, *g*re, *f* prize, victory
Greened, grew green
Griet, great, grieved, swoln, ready to burst
Grippel, griping, tenacious, miserly
Grownnes, grounds (*rythme gratia Vid Sowne*)
Groute, In Northamptonshire, is a kind of small-beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor²
Grype, a griffin
Gyn d, guded, lashed, &c.
Gybe, jest, joke
Gyles, *s* guiles
Gyn, engine, contrivance
Gyse, *s* guise, form, fashion

H

Habbe, *a*se he brew, have as he brews
Haggis, *s* a sheep's stomach, stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c
Harf, ill-will
Haul, *h*ale, *s* whole, altogether
Halt, holdeth

Hame, *h*omward, home, homeward
Han, have, 3 peis plur
Hane *s*werdes, their swords
Harnasne harness, armour
Hartely, earnestly
Harrowed, harassed, disturbed
Harwos, hallows
Hav, have
Haves (*of*), effects, substance, riches
Hawkin, synonymous to Halkin, dimin of Harry
Hech, hatch, small door
Hede, hied, he'd, he would, heed
Hed, *h*edys, head, heads
Heil, *s* hele, health
Hecht or *heght* to lay thee law, *s* promised, engaged to lay thee law
Hecht, *s* height
Heading-hill, *s* the heading [*i e* beheading] hill The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock
Helen, heal
Helpeth, help ye
Hem, them
Henne, hence
Hent, *h*ente, held, laid hold of, also, received
Her lane, by herself
Her, their
Here, their, hear, hair
Herkneth, hearken ye
Hert, *h*ertis, heart, hearts
Hes, *s* has
Het, hot
Hether, *s* heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c so luxuriantly, as to choke the grass, to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gives poets apt and noble similes
Heuch, *s* a rock or steep hill
Hevede, *h*evedest, had, hadst
Heveriche, *h*evenriche, heavenly
Heyze, high, *Heyd*, *s* hied
Hicht, *a*-*h*icht, *s* on height
*Hie d*ames to wail, *s* high [or,

¹ So in Shakespeare's *K. Henry V* (A 3, sc 8), the King says,
 'My army's but a weak and sickly guard,

Yet, God bless, tell him we will come on'

² *GROATS* is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats (*s e*, pulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it — (MR LAMB)

great] ladies to wail, &c. hasten
 ladies to wail, &c.
Hight, promised, engaged, also,
 named
Hilt, taken off, flayed *Sax hyl*
dan
Hinch-boys, *hench-* (properly
haunch-) *men*, pages of honour
 pages attending on persons of
 office
Hiad, *s* behind
Henny, *s* honey
Hat, it, *hut be write*, it be written
Holden, hold
Holtis haw, *s* hoar hills
Holy-ood, holy cross
Honden wyng, hands wing
Hop-halt, humping, hopping, and
 halting
Houze, give the sacrament
Howes, *howers*, hours
Huic, heart
Hyg, *hyst*, high, highest
Hynd atowne, *s* behind, over, or
 about
Hyph-halt or *hyphalto*, lame in the
 hip.
Hys, his, also, is.
Hyt, *hyt*, it
Hyenes, hynness.
Hyzt, promised

I

Jarglers, talkative persons, tell-
 tales Also, wranglers
I-fere or *in-fere*, together
I-lore, lost *I-strike*, stricken.
I-thowe, [I believe,] verily
I-wisse, [I know,] verily
Ich, I *Ich biqueth*, I bequeath
Jean, spot
Jenkin, diminutive of John
Ik, *this ilk*, *s* this same
Ilke, every *ilke*, every one
Ik one, each one
Ilkfardly, *s* ill-favour'dly, ugly
Inowe, enough
Into, *s* in
Jo, *s* sweet-heart, friend. *Jo* is
 properly the contraction of *Joy*,
 so *joyce* is written *rejoice* in old

Scottish MSS, particularly Ba-
 natyne's, passion
Jo forth, p 16, corruptly, printed
so, should probably be *loo, i e*
 halloo
Is, his
Ise, *s* I shall
I say, I tell
Its new, *s* it shall ne'er
Jupe, *s* an upper garment, *fr* a
 petticoat

K

Kaul, *s* chalk
Keepand, *s* keeping
Keel, *s* saddle
Kempes, soldiers, warriors.
Kend, *s* knew
Kenc, keen
Kenis, elder sticks used for can-
 dles
Kyl, *hyd*, *lithed*, made known,
 shown
Kin, *s* chain
Kists, *s* chests
Kith and Kin, acquaintance and
 kindred
Knykt, knight
Kowe, cow
Kye, kine, cows
Kythe, appear, also, make appear,
 shew, declare
Kythed, *s* appeared

L

Lane, *larn*, *s* lone, *her lane*, alone,
 by herself
Larde unto her, imputed to her
Lardre, ladder
Lasse, less
Lasse of myght, loss of might.
Lest talk, left talking
Layne, hen, also, laid
Lazar, leper
Leek, phrase of contempt
Leal, *leil*, *s* loyal, honest, true, *f*
 loyal
Leaute, loyalty.
Lewan, *leman*, lover, mistress.

Lear, s lere, learn
Lenger, longer
Length in, resideth in
Leves and bowes, leaves and bought
Leuch, leugh, lugh, s laughed
Leyle, like, play
Lie, s lee, field, plain
Liege-men, vassals, subjects
Lightly, easily
Lire, flesh, complexion
Lith, lieth
Lothly, lothly, loathsome
Lo'e, s love
Lohr (Ballad I v 45)
Loo, halloo!
Love, lesson, doctrine, learning
Loe, lost
Lovell, a sorry, worthless person
Losel, ditto
Loud and still, phr at all times
Lought, lowe, lugh, laughed
Louns, s blazes Rather opposed
 to windy, boisterous
Lowte, lout, bow, stoop
Lude, lud, luvt, s loved
Luef, love
Lucks, s looks
Lyard, Grey a name given to a
 horse from its grey colour, as
 Bayard from bay
Lys, lies
Lyven na more, live no more, no
 longer
Lyzt, light

M.

Maden, made
Making, sc verses, versifying
Marrow, s equal
Mart, s marred, hurt, damaged
Mane, manning, s moan, moaning
Mangonel, an engine used for dis-
 charging great stones, arrows,
 &c before the invention of gun-
 powder
Margarite, a pearl, lat
Maugre, spite of

Maze, a labyrinth,¹ any thing in-
 tangled or intricate
Me, men Me con, men 'gan on
 began
Me-thyncketh methinks
Mean, moderate, middle-sized
Meid, s mood
Meise, mease, s soften, reduce,
 mitigate
Mell, honey, also, meddle, mingle
Meuse the faught, s measure the
 battle To give to the meuse,
 is, to give above the measure.
Twelve, and one to the meuse, is
 common with children in their
 play
Messenger, f messenger
Meue, cage
Munny, s mother
Mirke, s dark, black
Mirry, s merr, merry
Miskaryed, miscarried.
Mister, s to need
Mo, moe, more
Moiening, by means of, fr
Mome, a dull, stupid person
Mone, moon
Mornyng, mourning
Mote I thee, might I thrive
Move, may, mou, s mouth
Muchele boast, muckle boast, great
 boast
Mude, s mood
Mulne, mill
Murne, murnt, murning, s mourn,
 mourned, mourning
Myzt, myzty, might, mighty

N

Natheless, nevertheless
Neat, oxen, cows, large cattle
Neatherd, a keeper of cattle
Neatresse, a female ditto
Nere, ne were, were it not for
Nest, nyest, next, nearest
Noble, a gold coin in value 20
 groats, or 6s 8d
Nollys, noddles, heads

¹ On the top of Catharine-hill, Winchester (the usual play-place of the school), was a very
 perplexed and winding path, running in a very small space over a great deal of ground called
 a Miz-~~st~~ st. The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being
 lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent

Nom, took *Nomc*, nam^o
Non, none *None*, noon
Nonce, purpose, for the nonce, for the occasion
Noise, *s* Noi way
Now, now
Nout, *nocht*, *s* nought, also, not
Nout, p 7, seems for 'ne nought'
Nowght, nought
Nowls, noddles, heads
Noye, annoy, query
Noye oute, annoyance
Nyt, nought, not
Nyt, night

O

Ocht, *s* ought
Oftlynd, superior, paramount, opposed to *underling* -
Oloft, aloft
On, one, an
On-ot, aloft
Onys, once
Our, pure, you, you, our
Out alus, exclamation of grief
Out owie, *s* out over
Owene, *owen*, *own*, *s* own

P

Parde, *perlie*, verily, *f* par
cheu.
Pally, *s* shrewd, cunning, sly, or, saucy, insolent
Pece, piece, sc of cannon
Pees, *pese*, peace
Pele, a baker's peg
Pentathye of tenses, five tenses
Perchaine, *f* parchment
Per fay, *s* verily, *f* par foy
Perkin, diminutive of Peter.
Persit, *s* pierced, pierced.
Petye, pity.
Peyn, pain
Pibrochs, *s* Highland wai-tunes
Playand, *s* playing
Plett, *s* platted
Playn, complain.
Plizt, plight

Plowmell, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plough
Poll-cat, a cant word for a whole
Pollys, *powls*, *polls*, head
Powdered, a term in heraldry, for sprinkled over
Powls, *polls*, heads.
Pies, be eager
Piwe, prove
Priue, secret.
Prising, *s* proving, tasting
Proce, pool
Pride, pride It proud
Puing, *s* pulling
Purchased, procured.
Purwayed, provided

Q

Quat, *s* quitted
Quaint, cunning, nice, fantastical
Quel, cruel, murderous
Quillets, quibbles, *l* quillibet
Quyle, *s* while
Quyt, *s* quite
Quyknit, *s* quickened, restored to life.

R

Rae, a roe
Rank, *s* to go apace *Rank on*
raw, go fast in a row
Rantol, *s* were merry
Rashy-gair, rusty stuff, ground covered with rushes
Raught, reached, gained, obtained
Raxt, raught, rett, boett
Rea'me, *reame*, realm.
Reile, *reilde*, read
Rede, *read*, advise, advice.
Redresse, care, labour
Refe, *reve*, *rewe*, bailiff
Refe, bereave, or perhaps, rive, split
Reid, *s* advise
Remeid, *s* remedy.
Rescous, rescues
Reve, bereave, deprive
Remere, *s* robbes, pirates, rovers.

Reu, *s* take pity
Reueth, regrets, has reason to repent
Run, *s* run, *running*, ran
Ruse, shoot, bush, shrub
Rave, life, abounding
Rombaloue, burden of an old song
Rood loft, the place in the church where the images were set up
Rudd, ruddiness, complexion
Ruell-bones, perhaps bones diversely coloured, *f* *roile*, or perhaps small bone-rings, from the *f* *rouelle*, a small ring or hoop
Rugged, pulled with violence
Russets, clothes
Rydarid, riding
Ryue, rue
Ryzt, right

S

Safer, saphyre
Savely, safely
Sausede, seized
Say, assay, attempt
Schull, shall
Schattered, shattered
Schau, *s* show
Schene, *s* sheen, shining, also, brightness
Schuples, *s* shipless
Schuke, *s* shook
Sclat, slate, little table-book of slates to write upon
Scomfit, discomfit
Scot, tax, revenue, a year's tax of the kingdom, also, shot, reckoning
Se, *sene*, *seying*, see, seen, seeing
See, *sees*, *s* sea, seas
Sage, siege
Sak, sack
Sely, *seely*, silly, simple
Selven, self
Selver, *siller*, *s* silver
Sen, *s* since
Senvy, mustard-seed, *f* *senvie*
Seve, seven
Sey you, say to, tell you
Seyd, *s* saw, *seyd*, tried.

Shave, *be have*, been shaven
Sheeve, *shive*, a great slice or luncheon of bread
Shill, shrill
Shurt of male, or *mail*, was a garment for defence made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat According to some, the *Harnberk* was so formed
Sho, *s* she
Shope, betook me, shaped my course
Shorte, *s* shorten
Sheward, a male shrew
Shrew, a bad, an ill-tempered person
Shrive, confess Item, hear confession
Shynand, *s* shining
Shurtpg, recreation, diversion, pastime
Shunted, shunned
Such, *sic* *s* such
Sich, *siched*, *s* sigh, sighed
Sida, *s* long
Sindle, *s* seldom
Sitteth, sit *ys*
Six mens' song, a song for six voices
Slauth, *scath*, harm, mischief
Slalk, perhaps from the *Germ* *Schalch*, malicious, perverse (See *Dan Slalch*, Nequitia, malicia, &c *Sheringham de Angl Orig* p 218) Or perhaps from the *Germ* *Schalchen*, to squint Hence our Northern word *skelky*, to squint
Slinker, one that serves drink
Shomfit, discomfit
Shott, shot, reckoning
Slattered, *slatrid*, slit, broke into splinters
Slee, sly
Sond, a present, a sending
Sone, soon, soon
Sonn, son, sun
Soothly, truly
Sould, *s* sould, should
Souling, victualling *Soule* is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread - *A S* *Suple*, *Suple* Joh 21 5 (or to *soule*, may be from the French word

snouler, 'to stuff and cram, to glut'
Sowne, sound
Speare or *speere*, fasten
Speered, *spaired*, i.e. fastened, shut¹
Speu, *s speer*, *speare*, ask, inquire
Spence, *spens*, expence
Spindles and whorles, the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, instead of spinning wheels²
Sputile, hospital
Spole, shoulder, *f espaule*, arm pi⁺
Sponcles, spurious, without spurs
Stalwart, *stahwoith*, stout
Staples, buskins, or half-boots, worn by rustics, laced down before
Stead, *stede*, place
Sten, *s shin*
Stel, steal, *steully*, *s freely*
Stirred neither top nor mast, did not salute
Stown, *s stolce*
Stoup of wen, a pillar of war
Strike, stricken
Strig, *strae*, *s straw*
Styit, start
Suthe, *swith*, soon, quickly
Swore by his chin, sworn by his chin
Swawe, swearing, oath
Swa, *sa*, so
Swarvel, *swarved*, climbed, or, as it is now expressed in the midland counties, *Swarmed*. To *swarm*, as to draw oneself up a tree, or any other thing, clinging to it with the legs, and arms, as hath been suggested by an ingenious Correspondent
Sward, the grassy surface of the ground
Swyppng, striking fast [Cumb *swipen*, cite agere, or rather 'scourging,' from *volvere*, rotate] Scot *Sweep*, to scourge

Sweepys A *Sweepyl* is that stuff of the flail, with which the corn is beaten out, vulg. a *Supple* (called in the midland counties a *Swindgell*, where the other part is termed the *Harrel-staff*)
Swinklers or *swynker*, lascivious
Syng, sing, whooring
Swyke, sigh
Syns, snice
Syne, *s then*
Sythemell, Ishmael
Sych, such
Syth, since
Syde, sight

T

Tarken, *s token*, sign
Tak tent, take heed
Targe, target, shield
Te, to, *te make*, to make
Te he! interjection of laughing
Tent, *s heed*
Terry, diminutive of *Therrey*
 Theodoricus, Didonicus Lat also of *Terence*
Tha, them *Thak*, though
The God (p. 20), seems contracted for *The he*, i.e. high God
The, *thee*, thrive So note I *thee*, So may I thrive³
Thy, they
Thy sone, thy son.
Thulke, this
Thyn, *s thus*, these
Thyn towmonds, *s. these twelve months*
Tho, *then*, those, the
Thole, *tholed*, suffer, suffered
Thoust, thou shalt or shouldst
Thrawis, *s throes*
Thurty thousand, thirty thousand
Thurif, thrive
Through-gut, pierced through
Thuruch, through, *s through*
Thud, noise of a fall

¹ So in an old 'Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c 4to, Emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde' we are exhorted to 'Speke [i.e. shut or bar] the wyndowes ayenst the south,' fol. 6

² THE ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES, are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time. The thread for shoe makers, and yon some linen webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed salmon nets are made, are spun upon SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than Spinning-wheels.—M. J. M. M.

³ So in Chaucer, *passim* Canterbury Tales, Vol. 1 p. 308

'God let him never be.'—

Tibbe, In Scotland *Tibbe* is the diminutive of *Isabella*
Tickle, uncertain
Tild down, pitched, qt
Timkin, diminutive of Timothy
Thot, s lost
Tokenyng, token
*Too-fall*¹ s twilight
Tie, s tie, tiee
Trichard, treacherous, f *tricheur*, traitor
Tricken, tick, deceive
Trough, truth, troth
Trumped, boasted, told bragging lies, lying stories So the North they say, 'that s a *Trump*,' i e a lie 'She goes about *trumping*,' i e telling lies
Trumps made of a tree, perhaps 'wooden trumpets' musical instruments fit enough for a mock tournament
Take gude keep, s kept a close eye upon her
Twines a crab, sc at the fire roasts a crab
Tush, tusk or tooth
Twile twist, s thoroughly twisted 'twisted,' 'twuled twist' f *toftille*

V

Varnts, faints
Vair, (Somersetsh Dialect), fair
Valiant, s valiant
Vch, each
Vitagle, victual
Vive, (Somerset) five
Unseeled, opened a term in Falconry
Unkempt, uncombed
Unmyght, s undisturbed, unfounded peif *unmyght*
Unsonsie, s unlucky, unfortunate
Vvers, (Som) friends
Uthers, s others
Vazen, (Som) probably for faithen, i e faiths, as housen, closen, &c

Wa, s wall
Waine, waggon
Wallowit, s faded, withered
Wame, s womb
Wan neir, s drew near
Wan ufe, s uneasy
War ant wys, wary and wise
Ward, s watch, sentinel
Wark, s work
Wauld, s world
Waryd, s accused
Wearifu, wearsome, tiresome, disturbing
Wedder, weather.
Wee, s little
Weet, s wet
Weet, know
Weid, s *wede*, *weed*, clothes, gloathing
Weldyng, ruling
Wende, s *wende*, *went*, *weende*, weened, thought
Wene, *weenest*, ween, weenest
Wend, *wenden*, go
Wende, *went*, *wendeth*, goeth.
Wer, were
Wereth, defendeth.
Werre weir, s war, *Warris*, war's
Wes, was
Westlin, s western.
Whang, s a large slice
Wheder, whither
Whelyng, *wheelyng*, wheeling
White, pale
Whorles, See *Spindles*
Wildings, wild apples
Winsome, s agreeable, engaging
Win, s get, gain
Wrike, or *wyich wiskier*, work more wisely
Wisse, also *wysse*, direct, govern, take care of A S pyrrian
Wobster, s *wobster*, weaver
Wode-ward, towards the wood.
Woe Worth, woe be to [these]
Won, wont, usage
Wonders, wondrous
Wote, *wot*, know, I *wote* yerly

¹ 'Toofall of the Night' seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below ~[Mr LAMBE]

Worshipfully friended, *of* worship-
ful friends
Wow, An exclamation of wonder
also *vow*, (Loud Dialect)
Wreake, pursue revengefully
Wreuch, *s* wretchedness
Wrought, *wiotyn*, wrought.
Wy, *y*, turn aside
Wynnen, win, gain
Wyt, know, knew

Y

Y, *I* *Y syng*, I sing
Yae, *s* each
Y-beare, *Y-boren*, beare, borne
So *Y-founde*, found *Y-mad*,
made *Y-wonne*, won
Y-core, chosen
Y-wis, [I know] verily
Y-ate, *Alton*, melted
Yelping, *s* yelping
Ycha, *Ala*, each, every
Ychelde, *yef*, I should, if

Ychon, each one
Ycanded, buried
Yde, *yode*, went
Yf, if
Yers, *s* years
Yeme, take care of *A S geman*.
Yent, through, *A S geoub*.
Yestene, *s* yester-e'en
Yit, *s* yet, yet
Yi, if
Yll, ill
Yn, house, home
Youd, *s* you'd, you would.
Ys, *is*, his, in his
Yule, *s* yule, christmas
Yung, *s* young

Z

Zacring-bell, (Som) or *Zeering*,
Sacring-bell, a little bell rung to
give notice of the elevation of
the host
Zee, *zeene*, (Som.) see, seen

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria

Owr Kyngs went forth to Normandy with grace and
myzt of Chyvalry, the God for hys wrouzt marvelously

Wherefore Englonde may call and cry, *Deo Gratias*

CHORUS
Deo gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME